

A SPLENDID NEW STORY BY SILAS HOCKING  
IS BEGUN IN THIS NUMBER, THE FIRST OF A NEW VOLUME

# THE LEISURE HOUR.



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NOVEMBER, 1900.

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SIXPENCE.

COUPON,  
"LEISURE HOUR,"  
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See Louis Becke on The Cruelties of Li Hung Chang (p. 55).

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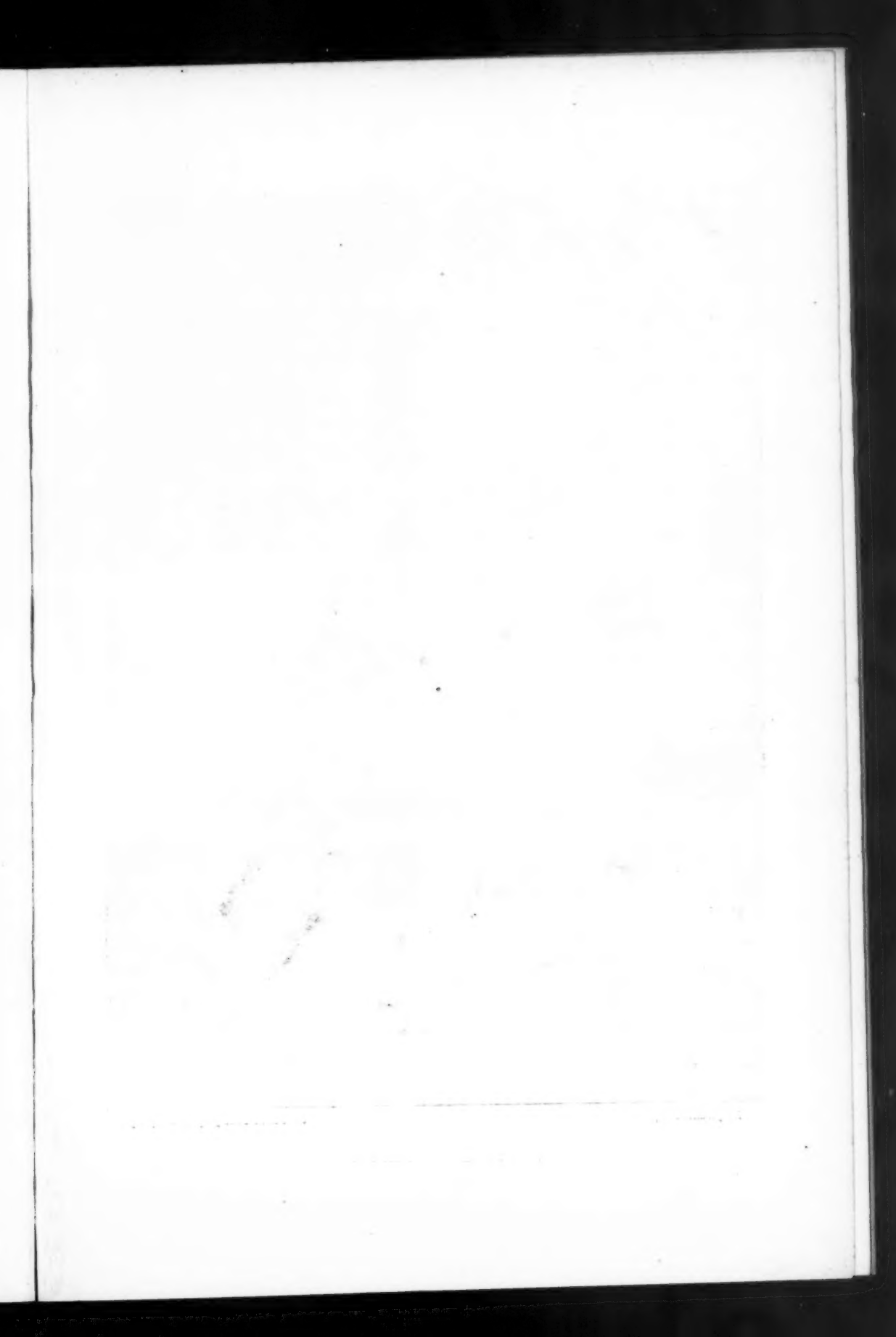
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FROM THE PAINTING BY HERMANN KOCH

# THE AWAKENING OF ANTHONY WEIR

BY  
SILAS K. HOCKING



HE WATCHED HER  
WITH A CURIOUSLY  
SUBDUED LIGHT IN  
HIS EYES

## CHAPTER I.—LOVE AND PRUDENCE

"I know I love her as my life,  
But——"

"A PENNY for your thoughts, Phillis."

"I'm afraid they are not worth the price," she answered, looking frankly into his face.

"I'll risk it at any rate."

"How reckless you are growing. But to tell the candid truth I was thinking about you."

"About me! That is interesting."

"Don't be conceited, Anthony, for I'm not sure my thoughts were at all complimentary."

"He who ventures must be prepared to run risks," he said with a laugh. "Now for your thoughts, Phillis."

"Well, I was wondering whether, when you get away from home, and find yourself in entirely new surroundings, you will forget us altogether."

"I shall never forget you," he answered impulsively.

"I was not thinking of myself," she replied, turning her head and looking out across the bay. "I was thinking of the people generally, and the place. We are almost out of the world here, and are but a humdrum folk at best."

"But why should I forget, Phillis?"

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"Why do people forget?"

"I am not sure that they do."

"I do not say they forget in the sense that memory fails them; but it seems easy for them to put people out of their thoughts. Or new friends obscure the faces of the old ones."

"You are thinking of people who have gone away from Sanlogan."

"Not of all of them. A few have remained wonderfully loyal to the old place and to their old friends, but others——"

"That is easily explained," he interrupted. "Take David Tregony, for instance. He got on very rapidly as every one knows. Then he married a rich and fashionable wife who knows nothing about his people——"

"And he appears to know nothing about them either."

"I would not say that," he replied, edging himself a little closer to his companion. "It is true he never comes to Sanlogan now, but he cannot have forgotten the old place altogether."

She withdrew her eyes from the sea and looked at him again. "I would rather you did not make excuses for him," she said quietly. "A man who neglects, or forgets, his own people because they are poor is no credit to the place in which he was born, though he has become a millionaire."

"I don't want to defend him," he answered, colouring slightly, "only it is fair to remember that a man may be so engrossed in business, so fully engaged from day to day, that he may have no time to think of old times; and as for keeping up a correspondence, that may be entirely out of the question."

"Yes, that appears to be the case," she said, smiling a little cynically.

"And you think I may—well—fall into the same way?"

"I was wondering if it would be a repetition of the old story, 'Out of sight out of mind,'" she answered with perfect frankness.

"You seem to have a very bad opinion of me," he said slowly after a pause.

"Oh no, not at all," she answered brightly. "On the whole, I have rather a good opinion of you. But I recognise the fact that you will move in an entirely new circle, that your life will be crowded with interests most of them of an absorbing kind, that every day and almost every hour of the day will be occupied, and if under

the circumstances such an insignificant place as Sanlogan passes out of your mind altogether, I don't think we ought to be greatly surprised."

"And you will not mind if such is the case?"

"Oh, yes, I shall. I shall be sorry for you. But don't you think it is time we were returning? Father will be wondering what has become of me."

"But he knows you have come out here for a walk."

"Yes, he knows; but he will not expect me to stay here all the afternoon."

"Of course, if you are very anxious to go back I will return with you," he said a little stiffly. "But it is not quite four o'clock yet."

"I beg pardon; I thought it was ever so much later."

"I'm sorry time drags so slowly when you are with me," he answered shortly.

"Did I imply that?" she questioned with a laugh. "I'm sure I did not mean it. I'm quite relieved to find it is no later," and she rose from the grassy mound on which she had been sitting, and went and stood on the edge of the low cliff overlooking the bay.

He did not follow her for several minutes. Leaning on his elbow he watched her for a few moments with a curiously subdued light in his eyes. There was no denying that she was exceedingly pretty and winsome, and he wondered again as he had wondered a hundred times before whether he would ever see another woman that he could love half so much.

Again and again he had been on the point of proposing to her, and yet he had always stopped short at the supreme moment. Not that he feared a rebuff, though he had to confess to himself she had never shown him any special favour. But it was not that. Fear of failure scarcely entered into his calculations. It was prudence that weighed with him.

And yet he was quite certain that he loved her—loved her deeply and passionately. But matrimonially considered, was it the best he could do for himself?

He was about to fill, for a young man of five-and-twenty, a large and important sphere. He would be thrown into close and intimate contact with a number of people of considerable social position. In the days to come he might meet with any number of young ladies far more suitable

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than Phillis Day, and who by virtue of family and social relationships would be able to help him in a way that Phillis could never do. Would he be justified, therefore, in entering into an engagement that might stand in the way of his future advancement?

This was the question that he had asked himself again and again, and it was this that had always closed his lips when he had been on the point of confessing his love. He was anxious not to make the mistake that some other men had made. The world was full of cases of young men who had entered into early engagements, and had lived to regret their indiscretion. Love, no doubt, was a very important thing. And there was something infinitely sweet and tender in the romance of youth. Marriage without a deep and passionate attachment must be a very prosaic affair. But, on the other hand, what was called love would soon wither if other things were not equal, and the fine gold of romance would quickly become dross if touched by the acid of discontent.

He scarcely noticed his companion as these thoughts passed through his mind. She was standing on the edge of the grassy bank—it scarcely deserved the name of cliff—intent on watching a pleasure steamer that was speeding across the bay. Twenty feet below her the clean shingly beach sloped steeply to meet the green curling waves that broke with a low pleasant music on the ever-shifting pebbles. He could not help feeling that she made a pretty picture as she stood there silhouetted against the pale blue sky—fairly tall, erect, graceful, with a well-shaped head, a face that was Grecian in its contour, and a wealth of hair that was neither dark nor light, and yet was both at different times. Just now it looked almost golden, for the sunshine lay upon it and burnished it with some of its own splendour.

Anthony Weir turned himself uneasily and rested on the other elbow. It seemed treason and worse to imagine that any man could ever tire of, or become indifferent to Phillis Day. Moreover, was he ever likely to waver in his allegiance now? He was no longer a youth, he was a man of twenty-five, and for the last half-dozen years his affection had steadily grown and ripened. He had seen dozens of other girls, educated, refined, rich, yet not one of them had ever displaced the image of

Phillis for a moment. Why then did he hesitate?

Phillis turned to look at him for a moment, then descended to the beach, and walked out to meet the incoming tide. He did not follow her. He still lay propped up on his elbow debating what he should do.

In three days more he would leave the quiet village of Sanlogan to take up his new duties amid the excitements of a large city. Most likely he would not return again for a year at the very least. Suppose some one else came along in the interval and proposed to Phillis and carried her off, how would he feel then? But he put that thought aside very quickly. Eligible suitors in a place like Sanlogan were exceedingly few and far between. Besides, Phillis was barely twenty, and would not be likely to enter hurriedly into a matrimonial engagement with a stranger. Moreover, within twelve months his own feelings might undergo a change. At the present moment the thought of Phillis being won by somebody else was simple madness. Somehow she seemed to belong to him. He had known her since she was ten. He laid claim to her then and constituted himself her champion. In a certain sense they had been sweethearts ever since. It is true he had never spoken of love in any serious sense. He was not certain if such a thing had ever occurred to her. That they were very fond of each other neither attempted to deny, and sometimes it seemed as though there was a tacit understanding between them that they would be companions always; but up to the present time prudence—or something to which he gave that name—had kept him from putting that understanding into anything like definite shape, and Phillis had never shown by either word or look that he was anything more to her than he had always been—the best of all companions.

He rose to his feet at length and strolled toward the sea. Phillis was already as far out on the beach as she could get. The great pea-green waves rolled over and broke almost close to her feet. She seemed to be enjoying the deep solemn music, perhaps she was busy with her own thoughts.

As a matter of fact both suppositions were true. The mournful undertone of the waves suited her mood, for her thoughts just then were cast in a serious mould. She was wondering what had come to Anthony Weir. He was so moody and silent and absent-minded. Generally speaking he was bright

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and gay and light-hearted; but of late he had been almost irritable at times. Was he sorry that he was going to leave Sanlogan so soon, and leave it for good this time? Or was he oppressed by the new duties that would so soon devolve upon him, and the weight of coming responsibilities? Or was there something else of which she knew nothing?

This afternoon, though they had come out together to enjoy the fresh air and the sea, there seemed to be a measure of restraint between them that she did not at all understand; there had been long pauses in their conversation and abrupt changes from one subject to another, and now he had actually allowed her to go out on the beach alone while he lay up there on the grassy cliff and stared vacantly at the sky.

"I wish I knew what makes him so moody," she reflected. "He might be in love," and she laughed softly to herself, then a grave expression settled upon her face.

It was not pleasant to think of Anthony being in love. She had never considered the contingency very seriously, but it struck her now with a very acute sense of pain. In a vague, indefinite way she had quite unconsciously associated her future with his. Since she was ten she had been so constantly in his company, and they had so freely confided in each other, that it had come to be the most natural thing in the world, so far as she was concerned, to imagine that they would be friends and comrades to the end of the chapter.

She had never questioned her heart as to whether she loved him. If anybody had asked her if she liked Anthony Weir, she would have answered frankly and without a moment's hesitation, "Yes, very much." But love! Well, she was scarcely twenty, and such a thing had hardly occurred to her.

And yet as she walked along the crunching sand, and listened to the low, solemn music of the sea, she was conscious for the first time of a feeling that was akin to jealousy. The thought of Anthony preferring some other woman to her was distinctly painful. Deep down in her heart there was a feeling that she wanted him all to herself.

She looked up at length, and saw him striding across the sand and shingle towards her, and her heart for a few moments beat decidedly faster. There was no one else in Sanlogan that could compare with him,

either for looks or intelligence or learning. He had carried off his B.A. with honours, while in the profession he had adopted he was starting where most men left off. She felt sure there was a great future before him, and in her heart she was proud of him.

"I think, Phillis, we had better be returning now," he said as he came near.

"Yes, I think it is quite time," she answered slowly. "But the music of the sea to-day is very beguiling."

"The waves make a great noise on this shingle," he said. "I don't hear much music in it."

"That is because you have not listened," she answered. "If you were to stay here for awhile and hearken, you would hear a deep undertone sweet as an organ note."

"Possibly," he said with a smile; "but what do you say to returning by the far side of the mere?"

"It is much the longer way back," she answered.

"But we have plenty of time, and you will not be expected back till six."

"As you will," she replied, and she turned and walked away by his side.

The mere, in prehistoric times, had been an arm of the sea. Of that there seemed no room for doubt; and, indeed, in most school atlases it is so drawn to-day. But somewhere in the far-away past, perhaps through some small change in the conformation of the coast, and consequent shifting of tidal currents, a bar of sand began to form, and each returning tide added a little to it, and so it grew from century to century, until it dammed back the river on the one side and the sea on the other. To-day a white hard bank of sand and shingle carries the coastline straight from cliff to cliff, and so high has this bank been thrown by wind and tide that the sea rarely ever breaks over it. Within, locked up between well-wooded and picturesque hills, is a fresh-water lake. At the far end of this lake is the village of Sanlogan, consisting of two streets crossing each other at right angles.

Weir's Mill was outside the village and close to the edge of the lake, and Beaver Bank, the home of old Captain Day and his daughter Phillis, was just across the stream on the opposite slope of the hill.

From Weir's Mill to the sea was a mile and a half, if the road along the right bank of the mere was taken, if the path by the south shore was chosen then the distance

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was considerably greater, for on the south side the mere ran out into numberless creeks and arms, and the footpath had to describe wide detours in order to be always on dry ground.

It was this lengthened and less frequented way that Anthony Weir and Phillis Day chose on their return journey. They had plenty of time at their disposal. The path was overshadowed with trees for long distances and as secluded as the most ardent lover could desire.

What would be the outcome of this long walk together? Anthony felt himself on the rack between the promptings of love and prudence. If he followed his heart, then he knew that Phillis would know before they reached Beaver Bank that he loved her, and he would know whether she regarded him merely as a friend or whether she cherished for him secretly a warmer feeling.

If he followed what he called "prudence," he might go far enough to get Phillis to reveal the true state of her heart, but commit himself to nothing.

That he could seriously consider a question of this kind showed clearly enough the manner of man he was. Whatever he might attain to in the future, at present there was no doubt room for improvement. The game of expediency is one in which men always stand to lose infinitely more than they can ever win.

And yet Anthony Weir was absolutely sincere in his desire to do the right thing and choose the path that was best for all concerned. He would not willingly wrong any one, but he who sees only his own interests in his outlook upon life is in danger of doing wrong unwittingly.

### CHAPTER II.—SAID AND LEFT UNSAID

"Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken;  
The full heart knows no rhetoric of words."

WHEN they had got away from the noise of the sea Anthony spoke again.

"You said just now, Phillis, that if I forgot Sanlogan and the people in it you would be sorry for me. What did you mean by it?"

"I don't think I can express myself any more clearly," she answered; "I just meant that and nothing else."

"You did not say that you would be sorry on your own account."

"No. That is quite another matter."

"But isn't it just as likely that you will forget me as that I shall forget you?"

"People who stay at home have little chance of forgetting," she answered, with her eyes bent upon the ground.

"Then you will think of me sometimes?" he questioned in a low tone of voice.

"I expect so," she replied, looking up into his face with a smile. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, well, of course," he answered uneasily. "I hope I shall give you no reason to forget;" and after that they walked on for several minutes in silence.

Anthony Weir was still on the rack between prudence and desire. Phillis had never seemed so winsome as she did this afternoon. He was never more sure that he loved her with all his heart and soul, and certainly he was never less in doubt as to her feelings toward him; and but for the fact that he was leaving Sanlogan to take up his life in a busy and populous city he would not have hesitated another moment.

He almost regretted the larger life that was opening up before him. How pleasant it would be to settle down in some quiet nest among his own people with Phillis as the abiding angel in the house. If he were remaining in Sanlogan there was nothing on earth he would desire so much as that Phillis should be his wife. But in the big city of Workingham, where he would at once take up a prominent position, and where his wife would needs be a person of some importance, how would Phillis shine?

That she was pretty and well-educated and refined there could be no doubt, but she had lived all her life in the country, had stagnated in a village that was a dozen miles from everywhere, and had never felt the throb and movement of the great centres of life and industry.

Anthony Weir, like most country people, had an exaggerated idea of the importance of people who lived in large cities. He assumed, because he knew no better, that they were of necessity better educated, better informed, more widely read, and hence much more intelligent and refined than those whose lot it was to live in the country. Of course he had fitted himself by years of training for the place he was to occupy, and had little doubt that he would be able to rise equal to every occasion. But with a man's conceit and an

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inborn prejudice he was by no means so certain of Phillis.

Every now and then he glanced at her, but she did not appear to heed; her eyes were directed across the clear shining waters of the mere. Her thoughts might be pleasant, for a smile lingered in the corners of her mouth. The silence was becoming embarrassing to him, but she did not appear to mind.

Should he make an honest confession of his love and so end the suspense and uncertainty? He felt that the part he was playing was by no means a heroic one. On the whole he was a little ashamed of himself. To try to win a girl's love, and, if possible, to get a tacit confession of it without in any way committing or compromising himself could scarcely be reckoned an example of chivalry.

Moreover, he wanted the right to take her in his arms and call her his, to press on her sweetly curved lips the kiss of love, to feel the rapture of love requited, to have an assurance that would ring like music through the chambers of his soul when he was far away.

His heart was beating uncomfortably fast, words of passionate love were shaping themselves in his brain and almost storming the door of his lips; his resolution, born of selfish policy, was breaking down, the better and more generous impulse of his heart was bearing him swiftly forward.

"Phillis!"

There was something in the tone of his voice that caused her to turn her head quickly and look at him.

"Yes, Anthony?" she questioned.

They were turning a sharp bend in the leafy path, and could scarcely see a yard in front of them.

"There is something I want to say to you some time," he said slowly, "and this seems to be a favourable opportunity."

"Yes?" she questioned again, noticing his hesitation.

"I have hesitated for a long time, thinking— Ah! here is Ned Retew just landing a big trout."

She was not the least interested in Ned Retew or his trout just then, and could have wished him a hundred miles away. There was no help for it, however. Whatever Anthony meant to say to her would have to stand over until some other opportunity presented itself.

Ned was excited and garrulous, and

communicated some of his enthusiasm to Anthony. The trout was by far and away the biggest that had been caught in the mere for the season. Ned was anxious to get back to Sanlogan to show his prize.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said. "I'll walk back with you. I always prefer company when I can get it."

So they waited while Ned reeled his line and stowed his fish into his basket.

The rest of the way to Sanlogan Anthony and Ned had all the conversation to themselves. Phillis was in no mood to join in their talk. All the time she kept wondering what it was that Anthony had been prevented from saying. It was something important she felt sure. There was a tone in his voice, an indescribable thrill that haunted her and stirred all sorts of strange fancies in her brain.

At the gate of Beaver Bank they separated. Ned went forward to his own home, and Anthony struck across the narrow valley to Weir's Mill. He scarcely waited for a last word after Ned had gone.

"I'll be seeing you again to-morrow, Phillis," he said, when he was three or four yards away, and he waved his hand lightly as though he had forgotten all about what he had meant to say.

At the door of the mill he met his father just going home to tea, and they walked up the steep and winding road to the house together. Gregory Weir was a tall, bony, and somewhat hard-featured man of sixty. He was still, however, as straight as a lath and as active as he had ever been. A striking-looking man in some respects, but never one to encourage familiarity or awaken affection. A singularly just man, people said, though a stranger to generosity. He was, moreover, a great worshipper of success. If a man succeeded he was satisfied with him, if he failed nothing else counted.

"Don't talk to me," he would say, "about his piety and kindness and all that kind of thing. There are crowds of wonderfully good people in the world who are not worth their salt. Some of them are too lazy to work. Give me a man that gets on, I don't care whether he's a miller or a miner, a parson or a doctor, a lawyer or a clown. If he doesn't get on he's not worth troubling about; if he does get on, that's the man for me."

Gregory was wonderfully proud of his second son Anthony. Anthony had got on. He had won a scholarship at school

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and another at college. His education had cost almost nothing, and yet he was the best educated man in Sanlogan, and now he was going off to Workingham with a salary of five hundred a year at the start. It was prodigious in Gregory's eyes.

That Anthony had taken up what should be the noblest of all professions was a matter of no moment at all, in comparison with the fact that there was money in it.

From a top storey window of his mill Gregory had seen his son Anthony say good-bye to Phillis Day at the garden gate of Beaver Bank.

He guessed that they had been away together somewhere—very likely down by the sea—and he was not altogether pleased: girls he regarded as dangerous companions for young men: with their little ways they often entangled these same young men before they knew what had happened. And it was very important that Anthony should not be entangled just now, especially by Phillis Day.

To Phillis personally he had no objection. He admitted in his hard blunt way that she was an exceedingly pretty girl; also as girls went she was not without brains, and for all he knew might be fairly well domesticated.

But he was firmly convinced that Anthony might do a great deal better. Anthony was going to live amongst rich folk, would be admitted into the best society; would have—so Gregory believed—the pick of the girls; hence to throw himself away on Phillis Day, who on the death of her father would be left penniless, would be the very height of folly.

"I hope the young dog has not been making a fool of himself," he reflected, as he met Anthony at the mill door. "I must have a talk with him. Young fellows are so soft when girls are about."

"Been for a long walk, Tony?" he questioned when they had got a few yards away from the mill. "You look rather tired."

"Just round the mere, that's all," was the reply.

"Been alone?"

"Well, no, not exactly. Ned Retew joined us on our way back."

"What's Ned been doing?"

"Fishing. He had just landed a big trout when Phillis and I came upon him."

"And so he came back with you?"

"Yes."

"Much to the girl's annoyance I expect."

"I don't think so. Why should it? Ned is a very decent fellow."

Gregory laughed.

"Oh yes," he said, "Ned is all right, but I don't think he's exactly Phillis Day's cut, though I believe he's a favourite with the old man."

Anthony did not reply. He was not altogether pleased with the turn conversation had taken. But Gregory was not to be foiled, he was determined to have it out with Anthony if possible.

"You'll excuse me for seeming inquisitive, Tony," he said with a hard laugh. "But you're my son, and on the whole I'm proud of you. Up to now you've done very well—exceedingly well. But you've not made your fortune yet, and a false move just now might spoil everything."

"I fear I don't quite see what you're driving at," Anthony said uneasily.

"No? Then I'll state things a bit plainer. I'm getting an old man now—worse luck—and I look at things I expect a bit differently from what you young folks do. And let me tell you that the great drawback to young men is girls."

"Go on," Anthony said with an uneasy laugh.

"I see you don't believe it. But it's true all the same, and before you get to my age you'll know it's true, so mark my words. In nine cases out of ten if a man gets into trouble, or gets tripped up, or defeated, you may bet your last sixpence on it there's a woman at the bottom. Women somehow have a fatal fascination for men, especially if they're young and pretty. And fellows who are clear-headed enough on every other question, and strong and energetic and all that, often make blithering idiots of themselves when there's a woman in the question."

"You seem to speak feelingly, father," Anthony said with a laugh. "I hope you never had any unpleasant experience."

"No, but I've seen a good deal of the experience of other folk, and I know what I'm talking about. Half the poverty and misery of the world is caused by young fellows foolishly imagining they are in love, and taking somebody's girl to maintain when they're barely able to maintain themselves."

"Well, and what is all this serious talk leading to?" Anthony asked.

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"Why this, my boy. I want you to fight shy of the girls until you have had more experience."

"I'm five-and-twenty, father, and surely old enough to look after myself."

"Age does not always spell experience. You are only just beginning life, and if you get entangled with a girl just at this juncture it may spoil everything."

"Oh, now I see what you are driving at."

"Exactly. You've been off all the afternoon with old Captain Day's girl. Now mind you, I've not a word to say against her. As girls go she ain't at all bad. She's pretty and all that, and anybody with half an eye can see she doesn't object to your company. But if you go patching up any understanding with her you'll regret it."

"But why?"

"Well, because I say so."

"But that's no argument."

"No; but there's experience and observation behind it. The girl is nice enough in her way; but she's only a country maid at best. You are going to live in a big city, where you'll have a hundred to pick from."

"And Phillis, for all you know, may be better than the best."

"She may be, but it ain't likely. Anyhow she's got no tin, and isn't likely to have any."

"But that's a very small matter."

"Now, Tony, you're talking nonsense, and you know it. Whenever you hear a man decrying money you may write him down a fool or a hypocrite. Everybody that has sense believes in money. Why, it's the lever that moves the world. You can't do anything without it, and there's precious little you cannot do if you've got it. There's scarcely a thing that money won't buy to-day. Position, honour, influence, applause; everything in fact. You talk about moral worth and the power of intellect, and the value of learning, and all that kind of thing, but I tell you they're not in it where money is concerned. Why, heaps of the most brainy people in the world are grinding in poverty and obscurity. But if a man has got money it doesn't matter whether he's Jew or Gentile, German or Turk—and it doesn't matter either how he made it—he can get into the highest places. He may have no more brains than a frog, and no more morals than a company promoter, and you'll find him in a very

short time with a handle to his name and a seat in the House of Commons."

"If that be so, then so much the worse for the world," Anthony said dolefully.

"Well, I don't know about that either. We've got to take the world as we find it, and remember that it is not of our making. Human nature is what it is, and neither you nor I can alter it. And since we've only one life to live, and money is the one thing that can make life pleasant and give you all your heart's desire—why a man is a fool if he doesn't go for money if he has the chance."

"I don't deny that money is a very necessary thing," Anthony answered slowly and reflectively; "but it isn't everything, and it isn't the main thing, and in domestic life love is of more importance than riches."

"Well, my boy, I'm not going to discuss the question of love with you. It's a kind of universal epidemic, which gets hold of most people once at least, and, like measles, mostly attacks people when they are young. Some people get it very much worse than others, and it takes much longer to run its course. Like most diseases of the kind it has a period of incubation of longer or shorter duration, and accompanied by more or less of fever. Then comes, I believe, what doctors call the eruptive stage, when the victims break out into poetry and are often delirious, and say a lot of things they regret afterwards. Then comes the decline stage, which sometimes begins before marriage but usually a week or two after. Three months after marriage the victims generally regain their normal condition, and if they are common-sense people with mutual respect for each other they manage to get along fairly comfortably together. If the sense and respect be lacking, then the less said about the matter the better."

"You seem to have studied the subject with a good deal of care," Anthony said cynically.

"I have, my boy, and I am giving you the benefit of my studies. My advice is, if there's no understanding between you and the girl across the way, let the thing stand over until you have had time to look around you. There's nothing gained by being in a hurry. A good deal may be lost by being precipitate. But there's mother at the door beckoning to us to hurry up. I expect the tea is going cold."

And without any more words they passed into the house.

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"WELL, AND WHAT IS ALL THIS SERIOUS TALK LEADING TO?" ANTHONY ASKED

### CHAPTER III.—THE MAKING OF A MINISTER

"A man hears only what he understands."

**W**HY Anthony Weir adopted the ministry as a profession was never quite clear, even to himself. Not clear, because he never took the trouble to analyse his motives. A number of circumstances seemed to work together to the same end, and he simply followed in their wake, and entered the first door that was thrown open.

But he was conscious of no overmastering impulse, of no distinct irresistible call which drowned all other voices and dominated every other motive. He was rather the creature of a number of minor circumstances, neither of which was important in itself, but taken together, formed a strong current of influence, which bore him steadily onward, in a direction he was not unwilling to be carried.

In youth he had one distinct antipathy, and that was for manual labour. To be a

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millers, or a mason, or a miner, or a farmer—well, no, such employments never attracted him. Some people might not object to muddy boots, and coarse attire, and horny hands, but he had a very strong objection. He preferred soft hands and immaculate finger-nails, and faultless clothes.

Gregory always said that his boy Anthony was cut out for a gentleman. Stephen, the elder lad, took to the mill as a duck takes to water. Nothing pleased him better than being among the cobwebs and dust. But Anthony never went inside the mill if he could help it. The click of the hopper and constant whirr of the millstones, and the atmosphere of grit and flour, jarred upon his nerves, and spoiled his clothes, and made him generally intensely miserable.

So it was early decided that Anthony was cut out for a gentleman. This belief was in due time strengthened by the fact that the boy had an aptitude for learning. At school he showed more than ordinary talent, and when at length he won a scholarship, there was no longer any doubt in the mind of either his father or mother that he would one day win his way into one of the professions.

From that day forward Anthony was allowed to take his own course. That he would come out right in the end they had very little doubt. He had no vices that they were aware of. He was cautious, and always looked the other side of a fence before he leaped over it. He was careful as to the company he kept, economical in his habits, and a diligent student at all times. More than that, he had a pleasant manner and address, was a general favourite with those who knew him, while the few people who were disposed to be critical had nothing to say against him.

His mother cherished a secret but no less earnest desire that he would become a minister. That to her was the noblest of all professions, the highest honour to which any man could aspire, and if she could only see her son Anthony in that high office she felt that she would desire nothing more on earth.

The boy's father, however, was of a different way of thinking. Religion—particularly the emotional side of it—was not a dominant factor in his life; moreover, the race of clerics—whether of the established or unestablished Church—did not strongly appeal to him. In his judgment they lacked worldly wisdom.

"They may know a good deal about the other world," he said one day to his wife, "but they know precious little about this;" and this fact seriously discounted them in his eyes.

He was not slow to acknowledge, however, that a few of them got into snug and lucrative berths, and for these he felt considerable admiration. They had "got on," and a man who got on in any walk in life was, in his judgment, to be commended.

Could he have realised his own supreme wish Anthony would have been a lawyer. "There's money in the law," he would say to himself. "A lawyer who has his wits about him can make money all ends up."

But Anthony developed a preference for theology and metaphysics, and showed a greater liking for Hebrew history than for Roman law. Also from a mere youth he had been a good speaker—ready, apt, and graceful, and the pleasure of haranguing a congregation, whether great or small, held him firmly. In his heart he did not think there was any pleasure equal to it.

But to a young man without means the ministry offered other advantages. If he could get called to a good church on leaving college his living would be assured. It would not be a case of putting up a door-plate and waiting for patients or clients. He would step into an assured position at once.

So he drifted steadily in the direction of the ministry. He could not afford to qualify for a doctor or a barrister. Moreover, he enjoyed preaching. The mere act of talking to a crowd of people fascinated him. To watch the play of their features, to feel that he was moving them by his own power of argument or persuasion; to be conscious of a certain mastery over the minds and emotions of others, was in itself no mean reward.

So every Sunday, while he was a student, found him journeying hither and thither to outlying villages and hamlets. Then his fame spread to the towns, and long before he left college he had earned a considerable reputation as a preacher.

When the pulpit of Martyr Gate Chapel, Workingham, became vacant through the translation of its aged occupant, the thoughts of the deacons instinctively turned to the young student who had on several occasions "supplied" with great acceptance.

Martyr Gate Chapel was known not

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merely throughout the denomination but throughout the country. Its roll of ministers had been famed for both learning and eloquence. Its members had been drawn from the very pick of the middle classes, with an occasional knight or baronet—just sufficient to add an aristocratic flavour. There was no doubt whatever as to the respectability of Martyr Gate Chapel. Nor did any one deny that it had wielded considerable social, municipal, and political influence during the last three generations.

During the last few years, however, of Dr. Pate's ministry the congregation had somewhat declined. The preacher's natural force had so abated with growing years that he no longer attracted as in the earlier days of his ministry. Yet the falling off was so gradual that he did not appear to perceive it himself, and to all hints that his day was done he turned a deaf ear. And indeed those hints were so gentle and so vague, that it was quite excusable if he did not read their full meaning.

For who likes to tell an old man that his work is done, that he has lost his grip and power, and that it is time he gave place to a younger man? and what old man believes it when somebody is cruel—or kind—enough to tell him? What others see with vision all too clear, he is pathetically blind to. He squares his shoulders, and walks with the same jaunty air and tries to speak in the same ponderous tones, and is deaf to the quaver in his voice, and blind to the stoop in his back.

Oh, the pathos of old age! It is well that the aged are not conscious of it all. And well for the young that they should be tolerant and kind, for their turn will come.

Dr. Pate went on preaching year after year, imagining, with curious blindness, that his mental vigour was as great as ever, and that his sermons had lost none of their eloquence and force. With curious blindness also he did not see that the congregation was gradually dwindling, and that the empty spaces in the church were becoming painfully large.

When he met his deacons month by month he always did it with a cheerful smile, and if any word was dropped as to the flight of time, and the sure approach of decay, he would rub his thin and wrinkled hands together and say—

"Bless you, my brethren, I feel quite a young man yet."

So apparently he felt to the last. One Sunday evening after preaching he retired to his vestry and closed the door behind him. His deacons counted up the offertory and put everything in order. The sexton put out the lights and closed the doors. And then they waited, wondering that the Doctor remained so long alone. Getting impatient at length, they opened the door and found him in his easy-chair, apparently fast asleep. So in this gentle way did the Angel come. Next morning all Workingham knew that the pulpit of Martyr Gate Chapel was vacant.

For several weeks after, the absorbing question in many circles was, "Who will succeed Dr. Pate?" By many it was assumed that there would be what might be termed a redistribution of seats. Martyr Gate pulpit was one of the prizes of the denomination. There might be churches with larger salaries attached, but there were few that commanded a greater influence, or whose minister, by mere virtue of his position, came more prominently to the front. To be the minister of Martyr Gate Chapel was in itself a passport to the highest denominational seats. Hence the question, "Who will succeed Dr. Pate?" carried with it far-reaching possibilities.

Those who were in the inner circles prophesied that Dr. A. or B. would be invited, in which case Dr. C. or D. might step into the shoes of Dr. A. And Dr. E. or F. would move up to fill the place rendered vacant by C. or D., and so on and on indefinitely. Indeed the extreme limit of the denomination might be touched by this one change.

So it came about that hard-worked and badly-paid pastors pricked up their ears, when news reached their obscure corners of the great vineyard that Dr. Pate had been removed, and they wondered vaguely if in the redistribution of seats that would follow there would be chance of a change for them.

Each "supply" in the weeks that followed was eagerly questioned by his ministerial brethren as to the relative chances of a limited number who were supposed to be in the running. Generally speaking, however, the said "supplies" were exceedingly reticent. Most of them were not without hopes that they were in the running themselves, else why had they been invited to fill the vacant pulpit?

Some of the most worthy of these did

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themselves less than justice, for so important and far-reaching was the issue at stake, that the mere contemplation of it made them nervous. Moreover, the occasion demanded that they should appear as "men pleasers" rather than as servants of the living God. So they preached not as men who had a message to deliver, but as men who had a part to play, and on their skill in playing it would depend the amount of butter on their bread in the future, or whether they had any butter at all.

It was a painfully trying position for any sensitive and self-respecting man to be placed in—yet what could they do? Who is there so other-worldly that he will let slip entirely his chance in this world? It is easy to say that ministers should be above mundane considerations! Many of them possibly would be but for the fact that the baker demands payment for bread, and the landlord insists upon his rent, and the Government shows no favour to the dissenting clergy in the matter of taxes. And when a home has to be kept over the heads of a growing family, and the children have to be educated, and the expenses manifest an uncomfortable tendency to increase while the income remains stationary—even the most modest and retiring of men will grasp eagerly at any chance of preferment, not so much on his own account as for the sakes of those who are dearer to him than life.

To the mere outsider who saw all that was going on, but took no more interest than he would in a game of chess played by strangers, the whole thing seemed intensely farcical. The number of believers or unbelievers remained unaffected by all this discussion and wire-pulling and preaching on approval. The conversion of sinners, or the general advance of the kingdom of Christ, seemed a mere side issue. The chief thing was the refilling of Martyr Gate Chapel. At present many of the sheep and an unreasonable percentage of the lambs had found shelter in other folds. Their safety in these folds was not doubted, they might even be more useful where they were than back in Martyr Gate—that, however, was not the point: these stray members of the flock must be brought back again. In order to accomplish this, the minister of Martyr Gate Chapel must equal in ability and popularity any other minister in the town; if in these respects he could exceed them all, so much the better.

In their weekly discussions the deacons of Martyr Gate often spoke of the "competition" they had to face. The word was unpleasantly suggestive, no doubt. The different churches might be so many rival shows. Moreover, however much they might try to keep out the commercial spirit they could not keep out commercial methods. To run a big church successfully meant—what?

That was the question that faced the deacons at every meeting. Of course they made it a matter of prayer, and they were absolutely sincere in their supplications. But there was no getting over the fact that Christianity in its organised form was run on commercial lines. A number of rival churches had sprung up in the newer parts of the city, and competition was never before so keen. This fact met them constantly. It was not pleasant even to think, much less to talk, of competition in spiritual things and rivalries in the work of extending the kingdom of Christ. But with the best intentions in the world the facts faced them, and frequently they felt more like a board of directors discussing the possibilities of a dividend than anything else. And yet while they hated the commercial spirit and temper they could not escape it. It was inseparable from the condition of things. Not only their Church, but all churches and all denominations were brought face to face with the same spirit. There were noble, heroic souls among the little band that ruled Martyr Gate—men who said little but who lived purely and strove bravely, men who walked and talked with God. But they felt that the Church was a human institution as well as a Divine. The Divine idea was being wrought out through human agencies. To get the best man—or the man they deemed to be best—was the only thing they could do. And yet sometimes they had a fear lest they were trusting too much to the human arm—to organisation and machinery—and too little to the Spirit of God.

In those anxious weeks the deacons were not a whit happier than the "supplies." At length Deacon Tomms brought the matter to a head by proposing that no more supplies be heard.

"I do this," he said, "for several reasons. In the first place, it's upsetting to the ministers who are kept on the rack, and the sooner we can let them know the best or the worst the better it will be. It's

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unkind to them to let the thing drag on indefinitely.

"In the second place, it's upsetting to the Church. I don't call these show performances preaching. For weeks past we've been indulging in a kind of Welsh Eisteddfod, and these recitations for a prize are in my judgment demoralising to all concerned. I'd almost as soon expect sinners to be converted at a brass band contest.

"In the third place, no time could be more opportune for settling the matter than now. You are all aware, I suppose, that the popular Superintendent of Wesley Chapel finishes his three years next Conference, and will have to go. Now, he's drawn away more of our people than any other man in the city; in fact, nearly all the free churches have suffered more or less through his coming. Well, what is the moral of this? Simply that we must get our man at work before the new Wesleyan superintendent comes. If we don't we shall miss our chance.

"But, brethren, the most important consideration I have yet to state. We have the chance of securing a minister of exceptional ability. If we delay we may lose him. I am told on good authority that more than one church is considering the advisability of giving Mr. Weir a call. He is young, eloquent, handsome, and unmarried. It is true he has no experience, but he has scholarship and address, and experience will come with time. With a young minister in the pulpit young people will again flock to Martyr Gate as they used to do in the good old times, and we shall see our chapel crowded once more.

"The constant hearing of supplies unsettles the mind, and if I may be permitted to say so, vitiates the taste. And I propose therefore that we hear no more."

Strangely enough this was seconded and carried without amendment.

Then followed a long discussion on the merits of the various candidates, and ultimately the meeting was adjourned until the following night.

Now, nearly all the deacons had families. Consequently during the next day the wives and daughters and sons had their say, and brought pressure to bear on the head of the family.

The adjourned meeting was much more harmonious than was anticipated. Pressure at home had done its work. For the middle-aged minister there was very little chance,

for the white-haired one none at all. The world is ever at the feet of the young. The voice of experience has little charm for the rising generation. Has it not been always so? And will it not remain so to the end of time?

### CHAPTER IV.—"THE CALL"

"Whose hand was it that led me forth?  
Whose voice that spoke?"

TO say there were no heart-burnings when Anthony Weir received the call to Martyr Gate would be to state the case incorrectly. Ministers are only human, and to a few very worthy men the disappointment was great. To see one of the plums of the denomination fall into the hands or into the mouth of a comparatively unknown man—a man, moreover, who had no experience whatever—was not only disappointing, but more or less humiliating.

To three men at least the shock was great, for each of them had friends at court, if the expression may be used, also they had all been secretly and unofficially informed that their chances could not possibly be better.

So the cry of disappointment was deep, if not loud, and the deacons of Martyr Gate Chapel would have had an exceedingly uncomfortable time if only a little of what was said reached their ears.

Anthony Weir was greatly elated. He was on the point of accepting a call from a much smaller church with a very much smaller salary when the invitation from Martyr Gate reached him. As a matter of fact he had written an acceptance of the call, but fortunately the letter had not been posted. What narrow shaves there are in this uncertain life and in this topsy-turvy world! There stood the letter on the mantelpiece stamped and addressed. In another ten minutes it would have been dropped into the letter-box.

Anthony tore open the envelope and read the letter again. With what a thrill of hope and pleasure he had written it an hour before. What an excellent beginning for a young man it had seemed. One hundred and forty pounds a year and a manse. He had seen the manse, a sweet little box, with a large garden surrounding it well stocked with fruit trees, and a patch of green big enough for a croquet lawn adjoining the house, and on to which the low French window of the drawing-room opened.

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What a delicious place it would be for afternoon tea when the weather was hot, and the tall trees adjoining were casting their long shadows across it, and how restful it would be to sit in a hammock chair with a book and listen to the summer wind sighing overhead, and watch now and then through half-closed eyes.

Anthony broke off in the middle of a sentence, for the fair face of Phillis Day came between him and the paper. Phillis would make an ideal minister's wife in a little town like Humbleton, where the people were mostly homely folk without any pretensions to distinction.

He resolved that he would have an understanding with Phillis directly he got back to Sanlogan. In less than a fortnight the term would end, and then he would hurry away to Phillis as fast as love and an express train could carry him. He would tell her how he had loved her since they were boy and girl together; how she had been a constant inspiration to him during his years of study; how he had looked forward to the day when he would be able to offer her a home as well as all the love of his heart. And now the day had come. Would she say yes, and make him the happiest man on earth?

It took Anthony a long time to write the letter; he so frequently indulged in day-dreams, and composed so many love speeches, and took so many rambles along the banks of Logan Mere, and imprinted so many kisses on the lips of Phillis Day.

He fancied while writing that letter that he had reached his heart's desire. He had no thought of fame or popularity; or if he had it was only as a very dim and distant hope—the reward of long service and very earnest striving. To begin with one hundred and forty pounds a year and a manse should be sufficient to satisfy the most exacting; and in a quiet, picturesque little town like Humbleton what advantages there would be. What a lot of reading he would be able to get through. And—and—he would have Phillis all to himself.

Yes, no doubt he was a very happy man. And to be happy was the chief thing—at least he believed so just then. He had not been trained in the school of high moral ideals. His father's "gospel of getting on," dinned in his ears since he was a child, had not been without its influence upon his life. To get through the world in the most comfortable and the most successful way

possible was practically his whole philosophy of life. He had no sympathy with enthusiasts and fanatics and martyrs. Big-eyed dreamers, who stated uncomfortable facts, and predicted disagreeable things, and who, as a consequence, made themselves and everybody else unhappy, ought to be shut up in lunatic asylums. He did not say so in so many words, but that was his conviction nevertheless. A man had only one life to live, and he ought to live it as happily and pleasantly as possible, and if he could make other people comfortable and happy at the same time without detriment to himself, so much the better.

So his dream of Humbleton and the little manse and Phillis was on the whole a selfish one.

Would he do good? Would he inspire to nobler ideals of life? Would he warn the reckless and encourage the weak, and be the friend of all tempted people and all little children?

In truth such questions had not occurred to him. He would preach from Sunday to Sunday sermons carefully prepared and carefully delivered. He would study the arts of reading and elocution. He would pursue his studies, and perhaps take at some future time a higher degree. He would spend what spare cash he had in decorating his little home, and with Phillis to smile on him he would be happy all the year round.

He finished the letter at length and sealed it, and placed it on the mantelpiece so that he might not forget to post it when he went out; then he went whistling off to his bedroom, feeling very happy, and disposed to look with tolerant eyes upon the world generally.

Ten minutes later he was in a very different mood. He dropped a collar stud—the only one he had—and had to shift nearly every bit of furniture in the room before he could find it. By this time he was hot and angry and perspiring. But troubles never come singly. Impatient at the waste of time in searching for a ridiculous collar stud, he pulled all too vigorously at his boot-lace and snapped it. Had he not been a divinity student, and having a few minutes ago written an acceptance of a call to a church, he might have used unseemly language. As it was he shut his teeth just in time. It is to be hoped that our unspoken words will not be recorded against us.

During the delay the post called, and

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when he got down-stairs there was the call from Martyr Gate waiting for him. He examined the envelope curiously for a few moments, then tore it open and unfolded the letter. The expression that swept over his face a moment later was almost a startled one. He caught his breath suddenly, then turned toward a chair and sat down.

Was it a call from God? He did not ask himself the question. It was a call to a more prominent and influential position. It was a call to a larger salary and to a higher plane of social life. As the minister of Martyr Gate he would take his place in the very inner circle of the denomination. He would be in request for public services and for large occasions. He would be the envy of all the younger brethren and of many who were no longer young. He was not in the least hurry to go out now. This letter had changed everything. He wanted a few minutes of quiet so that he might get used to the new world in which he found himself. That Humbleton and the manse and the big garden would have to go admitted of no question or discussion. He was not given to considering the rulings of Providence in such a matter; nevertheless it did occur to him, that since this was such an exceedingly narrow miss he ought perhaps to try and trace the hand of Providence in it.

Of course Providence was on the side of the successful man. That is an article of faith so firmly fixed and 'stablished that no man with any claim to orthodoxy would call it in question for a moment. Who ever heard of Providence being on the side of the failure—the man with ideals that bring him into conflict with his fellows—the unpractical man who is foolish enough to believe that money is not the sum total of all human requirements? A Providence that keeps a man from getting on, that hinders him from grasping a fortune when it is within his reach, that dooms him to a cottage when less able men are enjoying themselves in mansions, has no place in modern creeds or beliefs. Providence is on the side of the successful man, as He is on the side of the big battalions. So runs the orthodoxy of the present age. And in so far as Anthony Weir took Providence into account at all, he subscribed to the accepted and orthodox view.

He drew several heavy breaths that afternoon, and blessed the collar stud and the

broken boot-lace, notwithstanding the impatient words they had caused to pass his lips. If he had sinned it was in ignorance, not knowing these annoyances which had broken down his temper were blessings in disguise.

He tore the letter he had written to the deacons at Humbleton into shreds and threw the bits into the empty fire-grate. He was sorry to miss the pretty little manse and the big garden, but if Providence had called him to a more lucrative post, there was of course nothing for him but to obey. He need not write an acceptance of the call to Martyr Gate by return of post; it would not be good policy to show too great eagerness. Indeed it would be just as well if on the following day he wrote acknowledging the receipt of the invitation, and asking for a few days in which to consider it: that might make a good impression on the minds of the deacons. He might mention incidentally also that he was in receipt of a call from another church, and that such a serious matter required time for consideration.

He took up his hat at length and went out. The day was beautifully fine. The edge of spring-time was still in the wind, the air was a-sparkle with the brilliant sunshine. But Anthony found it impossible to detach himself from the subject that had occupied his mind indoors, and curiously the face of Phillis showed itself in a somewhat different light. As the wife of the pastor of the little church at Humbleton she would be everything—and almost more than everything—that could be desired. She knew country life intimately. She would be in sympathy with all the homely folk of the neighbourhood.

But what sort of figure would she cut as the wife of the minister of Martyr Gate? The two positions could not be compared. At Humbleton she would mix with people of her own station, and of her own mode of life and thought. But not so in the important city of Workingham; and was it likely that, with her country training, she would be equal to it?

Anthony loved Phillis very sincerely and devotedly, but he loved himself more. The gospel of getting on, which he had listened to from his childhood, had left a taint in his blood. He needed the cleansing of a new birth, the inspiration of a larger vision, the impulse of a holy and unselfish purpose.

It was of himself he thought at every

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step. It was his duty to be politic. He had read of young ministers who had started out with brilliant promise, and yet whose careers had been wrecked by unsuitable marriages. So much depended on the suitability and adaptability of a man's wife. A woman who might shine splendidly in one position might be an utter failure in another. Phillis was perfectly charming among the homely folk of Sanlogan, and yet she might be utterly out of place among the grandees of Workingham.

This thought he allowed to chill his heart and poison his mind day after day. So that when he returned to Sanlogan at the close of the term, and as the pastor-elect of Martyr Gate Chapel, he was no longer determined to make love to Phillis and get the matter settled; on the contrary, he hesitated between love and expediency, and was torn on the rack day after day.

Yet so sweet was Phillis, so graceful and dainty in her summer attire, so pure and wholesome her mind, so free from cant and affectation her speech, that his love for her intensified day by day, and again and again he was on the point of putting aside all diplomatic considerations, and telling her that she was everything to him, and that without her love nothing else in the world would be of any value.

Anthony's father feared how things might be tending, and determined to put in his spoke in time. As it happened it was not too late.

For the rest of the evening Anthony remained indoors, thinking of his father's words. That they contained much sound common-sense he could not doubt, and yet it would hurt him terribly to go away from Sanlogan and have no definite assurance that Phillis cared any more for him than she did for—say Ned Retew.

The last afternoon before going away he spent with Phillis. He did not go for a walk, but he had tea with her and the old Captain on the lawn in the shadow of a big chestnut tree.

Phillis wondered if he would say to her what he was prevented from saying when they were last together. He had meant to say something of importance, something which concerned them both, she felt absolutely certain; would he return to the subject again when they were alone together?

The old Captain left them at length, that he might get to his favourite seat under the

verandah and smoke his pipe in peace. Anthony felt his nerves thrilling to his finger-tips. It would be such a joy to have the assurance of Phillis's love to take away with him. How sweet and gracious she was. How kind and gentle in all her words and actions.

"So you go away to-morrow, Anthony?" Phillis questioned at length, looking out across the mere.

"Yes, I go by the first train in the morning."

"And we shall not see you again, I suppose, for a very long time?"

"Not for a year, I expect. I shall have to put in a solid twelve months' work before I can ask for a holiday."

"I hope you will be very useful, Anthony, and very happy. You have a great opportunity."

"Yes," he answered absently, following the direction of her eyes out across the mere. "Yes, it is a great opportunity. I think I may consider myself a very fortunate individual."

"More favoured perhaps than fortunate," she answered after a pause. "The responsibility will be very heavy. Did your courage never fail before accepting it?"

"No, I think not," he answered slowly. "To be quite candid, I do not think that phase of the question ever occurred to me."

She withdrew her eyes suddenly from the mere and looked at him, but he did not heed her glance.

"I think I should have preferred some less responsible position," she said at length. "One usually gathers strength little by little. A heavy burden thrown suddenly upon one must be very trying."

"I do not feel it a burden at all," he said. "Why should I?"

"Perhaps you will feel it later on," she answered.

"I hope not," he replied; "and I don't see why I should. Making sermons has never been a difficulty with me."

"Ah, we are thinking of different things." He turned suddenly and looked at her, and their eyes met.

"I was thinking of responsibility," she went on, meeting his gaze steadily. "The issues at stake are so great, so far-reaching, so irrevocable."

He turned his eyes from her and burst into an uneasy and unmusical laugh, and then somehow conversation tapered off into silence.



HE HAD TEA WITH HER AND THE OLD CAPTAIN ON THE LAWN

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

Phillis admired him immensely, and yet somehow she felt a little disappointed. Every now and then there was a note in his conversation that struck her unpleasantly. It was as though he had never realised the greatness or solemnity of his task. Had he been going to Workingham to manage a bank or superintend a factory the tone of his conversation could scarcely have been different.

He got up at length and walked to the edge of the lawn, then he came back and held out his hand to Phillis.

"I shall be off before you are stirring to-morrow morning, so I will say good-bye now." He spoke like one who had put upon himself considerable restraint.

"You will say good-bye to father as

you pass the house?" she said quietly, letting her hand rest for a moment in his.

"Of course I will," he said uneasily. "I should not think of going away without saying good-bye to him."

"We shall all be glad to see you when you come home again."

"And I shall be equally delighted to see you. Now, good-bye, Phillis, and may you be very happy."

"Good-bye, Anthony."

He waited for a moment as though expecting she would say something more; then he turned away, and hurried rapidly along the garden path.

The next morning by the first train he started for Workingham.

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## Cannonading Hailstorms

IT is well known that hail is one of the most terrifying scourges with which the wine-grower has to contend. In the British Islands hail seldom falls in summer, but over a great part of the continent of Europe the thunderstorms that occur in the hottest weather are very frequently accompanied by hail, and it is then by no means uncommon for the pieces of ice to attain the size of a pigeon's egg. Two or three minutes will therefore suffice for a sharp hail-storm to spread devastation over hundreds of acres of vineyard. The ground is found to be strewn with grapes, and the fruit that remains on the vines is bruised and spoilt. The hail-storm almost invariably breaks upon a hill, and it is upon the sides of hills that the most valuable wine is grown. It having been observed that the atmospheric commotion caused by firing cannon tends to prevent the formation of hail in time of storm, an Austrian wine-grower named Stiger commenced experiments in 1896 with a specially constructed cannon, with the view of testing the practical value of this method of preserving his vineyards from the dreaded scourge. The results were so satisfactory that others imitated his example, and this was particularly the case in Italy.

The system was then tried upon vine-clad hills that overlook the Rhône, and with such success that it has lately been adopted in the Bordeaux district. St. Emilion being especially exposed

from its hilly character to the danger of hail, and its wine being of great value, about fifty cannons have been set up there and in the immediate neighbourhood. They are most fantastic-looking objects, and are apt to puzzle visitors from a distance very considerably. The cannon can best be compared to a small mortar fixed to a tripod, but the piece itself is hidden from view by what looks like an immense funnel six feet or more long, the wide end pointing upwards to the sky. It is of sheet-iron, and is placed over the gun to increase the atmospheric vibration. This strange cannon to be used effectively should not be fired at the approaching cloud that threatens to break, but directly at the zenith and during the period of quiet that almost invariably precedes an outburst of electric energy. The charge is about 3½ ounces of blasting powder, and it is stated that the atmospheric commotion caused by the explosion reaches an altitude of over 6000 feet. The cost of the cannon with its accessories is about £6, and it appears that four to every fifty or sixty acres are a sufficient protection. The French Government has agreed to supply the wine-growers with powder for the purpose indicated at a very low price, and it is estimated that if those interested in the question co-operate they can safeguard their vineyards from hail at an outlay of about four shillings the acre.

E. H. B.



**I**f ninety-nine out of any hundred intelligent people were asked in what part of Scotland is the "Land of Burns", they would probably name Ayrshire. An admirer of Hawthorne once said it was the Valley of a Hundred Fires, but he died soon afterwards. Few, even of Scotsmen, are acquainted with its true locality, which is not Ayrshire, but Kincardineshire. The poet indeed made the former famous by his songs, and was born there, but the latter is his fatherland, the home of his people, the site of his ancestors' hearths and graves: all of them, from the first recorded down to Robbie's own father, were natives of the parish of Glenbervie, that lies near the sea, a few miles south of Stonehaven. "Stanehyve," as its inhabitants call it, is the

## About the Less Known Land of Burns

county-town, whither the centre of local government was transferred early in the seventeenth century from the ancient, but now extinct burgh of Kincardine, a few traces of which now remain near Fettercairn.

To reach Glenbervie, you must travel by the Caledonian Railway to Drumlithie, the station next Stonehaven, and alight there.

The village of Drumlithie — I beg its pardon, I ought



Stonehaven.

to say the town — is a quaint little collection of cottages, that look as if they had been dribbled out of some Gargantuan pepper-box, and set up each as it might happen to fall. Mr. Kipling's "commissariat camel" could easily "lose himself for ever" among them, without taking the trouble to "stray a mile," only that his hump would be sure to come in sight somewhere, towering above the tiny houses. But, small as it is, Drumlithie is a place of no little importance in the eyes of its (perhaps four hundred) inhabitants; for it boasts an ancient Corporation, with a Provost, a Dean of Guild, a Town Treasurer, a Town Clerk, and three Bailies, who are elected annually, out of their own number, by nine Town Councillors.

One of the chief duties — some say the only one — of this august body is the care and maintenance of the Steeple, an edifice not connected, as steeples in other places are, with the Church. This is a slender campanile, of Scottish architecture, about thirty feet high, that is visible from every part of the village. It contains a curiously shaped bell, very long in the body and wide at the mouth. Its shaft is built of the old red sandstone that abounds in the district, and the belfry and its cap are of Aberdeen granite, surmounted by a gilt weathercock. The whole stands on an octagonal base of granite that is a favorite *al fresco* dining-room for the children of the village school. Even within the memory of many still alive, Drumlithie was a noted centre of the now extinct trade of domestic hand-loom weaving, and hardly a cottage was without



The Last of the  
Cow-boys.



Drumlithie Steeple.

a loom or two. It was partly for the purpose of giving the weavers warning of meal-times that the tower and its bell were originally provided; but the bell was also rung every morning at six o'clock to call the cattle owners of the town to open their byres. A boy then collected the cattle by the blasts of a horn and led them to graze on "the bogs", as the common land was called. In the evening the beasts were sent home again by a converse process. The present bellfry was the gift of a late postmaster, who was Provost of Drumlithie for several years; but the

shaft and base are nearly a hundred years older. The local wits say that the Drumlithie folk are so proud of their steeple that they always take it in out of the rain.

The actual Burns country begins at the mansion of Glenbervie, a mile or thereabouts inland. "Glen" here is a term that might mislead one who was accustomed to connect it only with narrow defiles among high mountains; for the glens of Kincardineshire are seldom more than dales bordered by gently undulating hills. The Bervie Water, from which this valley

## About the Less Known Land of Burns

takes its name, is a mountain stream that rises some five or six miles away. A long ridge of low hills separates it from the valley of the Carron, in which are most of the farms once held by the family of Burnhouse, Bernes, Bernis, Burnasse, Burness, or Burnes, as the name has at various times been spelt. The poet himself was the first to shorten it to its

best known form, about ten years before his death.

The Carron is only a tiny streamlet hereabouts, and hardly increases to the dignity of a



"water"  
before it  
reaches the  
sea at Stone-  
haven.

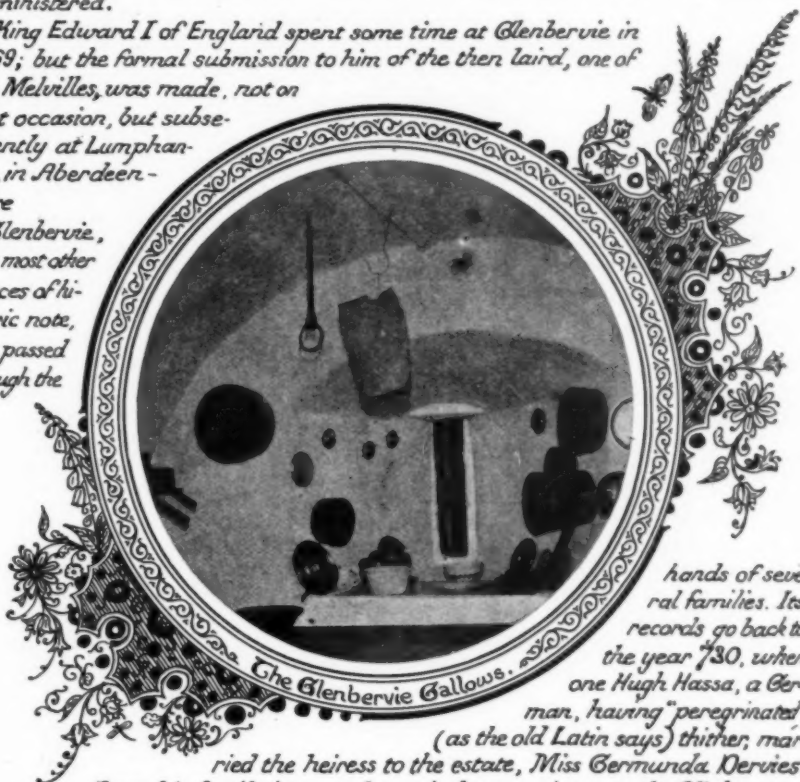
A modest gateway and carriage-drive, turning soon into one of the grandest avenues of beeches in Scotland, leads from the public road to the manor-house of Glenbervie. This is an excellent type of the Scottish castellated architecture, with its round towers and high-pitched roofs. Part of the main building is modern; but as all the walls, according to local custom, are

## About the Less Known Land of Burns

"harled" (dashed with lime and whitewash) it is not easy to tell the old from the new. The basement and most of the ground floor are ancient, and have walls of great thickness, and donjon vaults beneath, that date at latest from the tenth century. These vaults are now transformed into very harmless looking kitchens and cellars, though here and there a heavy grating of massive iron remains outside a window to tell of their former use: and in the scullery, among the pots and pans, there descends from the ceiling a grim iron bar with a stout ring at its end—the ancient gallows. For the lairds of Glenbervie once exercised the "right of pit and gallows"—power of life and death over their dependents, whether home-born or captive: and in a still deeper vault is the "pit" wherein the alternative of drowning used to be administered.

King Edward I of England spent some time at Glenbervie in 1269; but the formal submission to him of the then laird, one of the Melvilles, was made, not on that occasion, but subsequently at Lumphannan, in Aberdeenshire.

Glenbervie, like most other places of historic note, has passed through the



The Glenbervie Gallows.

hands of several families. Its records go back to the year 1730, when one Hugh Hassa, a German, having "peregrinated" (as the old Latin says) thither, married the heiress to the estate, Miss Germunda Dervies.

From his family it passed, again by marriage, to the Oliphants, or Oliphants, and from them in the same way to the De Melvilles, or Melvilles. Concerning the fate of one of these lairds a gruesome story is told. In the reign of James I (of Scots) he was sheriff of Kincardineshire, and managed in the discharge of his office to offend most of the neighbouring barons. Some of these complaining to the king, he is said to have remarked, "Sorrow gin that sheriff were sodden and supped in bree!" Whereupon the aggrieved ones took it as license to conduct the matter accordingly, and invited Melville to meet them on top of the hill of Garvock, on the coast, about six miles from Glenbervie. The pretext was a hunting-party, but they

took a pot, and they made it boil  
With pepper in portions true,

## About the Less Known Land of Burns

Which they never forgot, and some chopped shalott  
 And some sage and parsley too:  
*and when the unsuspecting sheriff arrived,*  
 "They up'd with his heels and smothered his squeals  
 In the scum of the boiling broth,"  
*of which each fulfilled James's wish by supping a spoonful.*

From the Mel-  
 villes, again by  
 a marriage,  
 Glenbervie  
 passed to  
 the Auch-  
 inlecks, or  
 Afflecks, as  
 the name  
 is pronounced  
 and often pho-  
 netically writ-  
 ten. From them a-  
 gain, and still in the  
 same way, it came  
 to the great family  
 of Douglas.

The first Douglas  
 of Glenbervie was  
 a son of

"that Douglas,  
 sixth of yore,  
 Who coronet of An-  
 gus bore,  
 And, when his blood  
 and heart were  
 high,  
 Did the Third James  
 in camp defy,  
 And all his minions  
 led to die

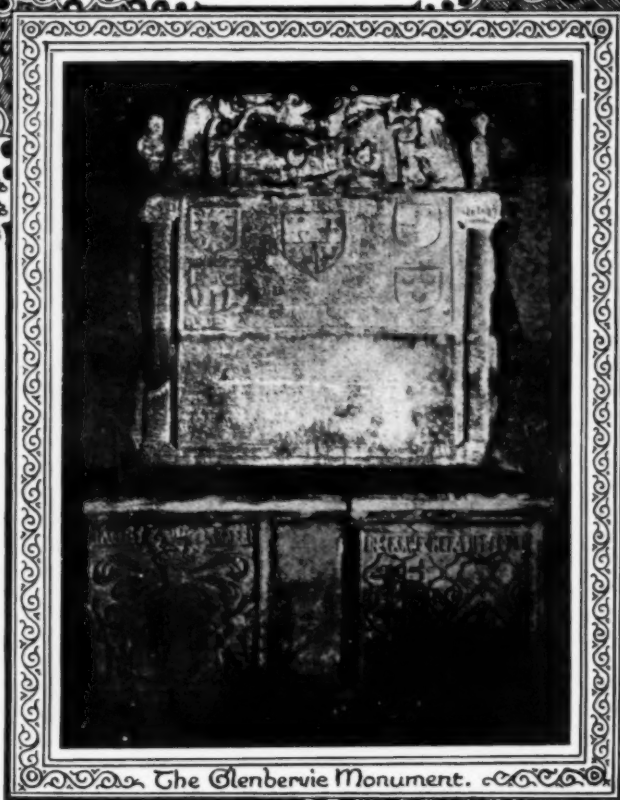
On Lauder's dreary flat:

Princes and favourites long grew tame,  
 And trembled at the homely name

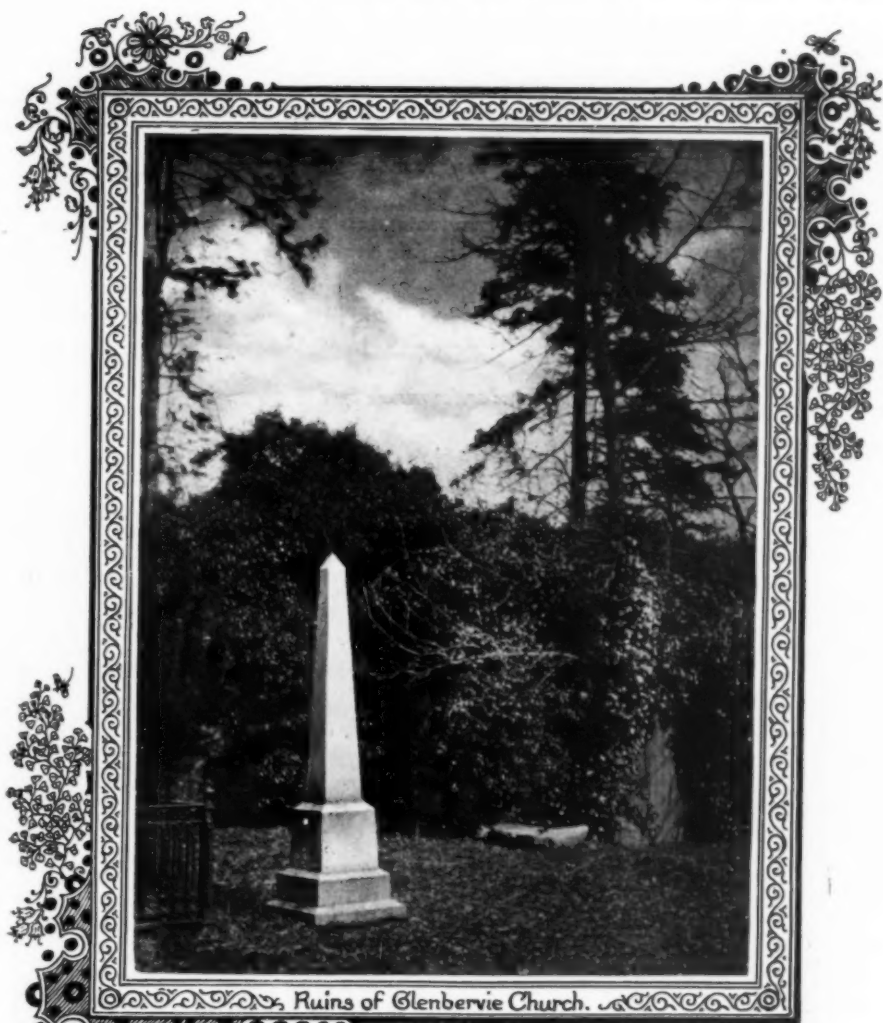
OF Archibald Bell-the-Cat." *Marmion, Canto V.*

This historic nickname is preserved in a Latin inscription, dated 1680, on a tablet against what remains of the chancel wall of the ruined Church of Glenbervie, above the old family vault. The tablet forms the upper portion of an "altar-tomb", the lower part of which is much older. Its mensa is a slab containing the first part of the inscription above, in a double row of 14th century lettering round its border.

In later years the estate has again twice changed families, passing successive-  
 ly to the Burnetts and Nicolsans, still by the same channel of marriage. It was du-



The Glenbervie Monument.



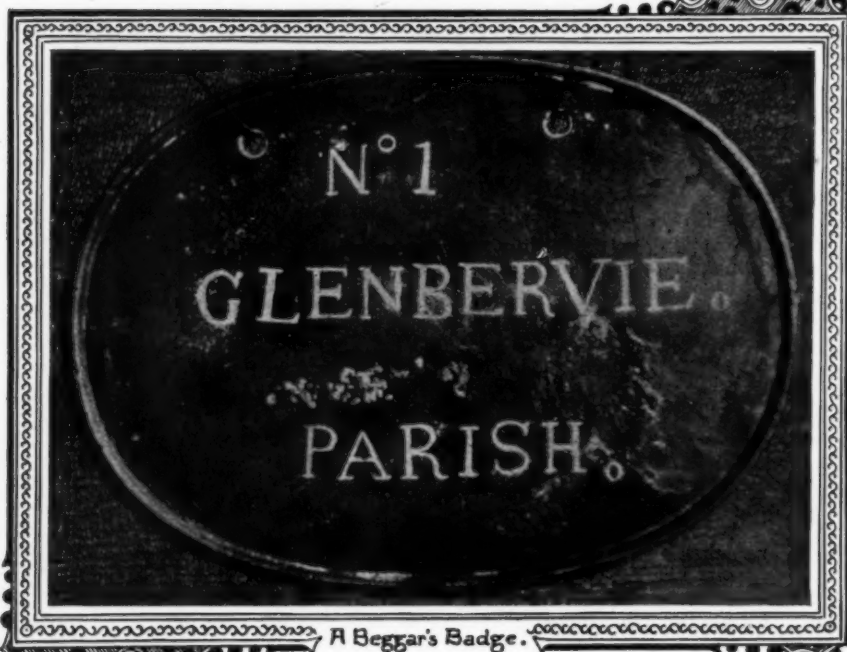
ring the lairdship of the Burnetts that William Burnes, the poet's father, served his apprenticeship in the manor-house gardens. The present parish Kirk of Glenbervie is a most uncompromisingly modern building, that stands staringly by the roadside on a plot of ground unendeared by any old associations. The ancient God's-acre is not far off, and in its midst are left some ruins of the pre-Reformation Church, which was partly repaired in 1771, but soon afterwards (it would seem) allowed to go to pieces. Only a part of the chancel walls and a few other fragments remain standing.

The records of the Kirk-Session have been taken better care of than the Kirk itself. They go back for nearly two hundred years, and some of the earlier entries read very quaintly.

Here are a few from the old account-books:—

## About the Less Known Land of Burns

To a supplicant,	£ 0 8 10
For the sclatter ( <i>p. slater</i> ),	0 12 0
To y <sup>e</sup> foundling from y <sup>e</sup> 15th of February, to y <sup>e</sup> 25th of May,	6 6 0
<i>Eodem die</i> to buy cloaths to y <sup>e</sup> foundling,	2 2 0
To buy shirts and shoes to y <sup>e</sup> foundling,	0 18 0
To a blasted woman,	0 12 0
<i>That is to say, a woman whose character was utterly and hopelessly gone.</i>	
To an indigent gentlewoman, ( <i>the same sum!</i> )	0 12 0
To an object,	0 4 0
To tranporting an object to Stonehaven,	0 1 0
<i>An object was an imbecile chargeable to the parish.</i>	
To a precept,	0 12 0
<i>A precept was a formal and legal order made by the parish minister for the settlement of a case of scandal.</i>	
To vagrant beggars,	0 13 0
<i>Beggars were not only "relieved by the Kirk-Session, but some of them were licensed to levy alms from the parishioners, and such badges as Scott (in The Antiquary) describes Edie Ochiltree as</i>	



wearing were issued to them. These badges were of copper, about five inches wide, weighing nearly two ounces. Two other entries are more immediately interesting:—  
To James Burness, Boxmaster, for Disbursements out of his own pocket,

5 10 0

## About the Less Known Land of Burns

To James Burness for  
being precentor, O II 14

*This was a later member of the family than the James Burnes whose tomb is pictured on the next page. He must have been a man whose discretion was thoroughly respected, since the Session allowed him to expend so much of their money on his own unguaranteed responsibility. The salary paid him as precentor reads oddly, and one wonders how the extra farthing (not to mention the penny) comes in.*

*Another entry sounds strange to modern ears. It is anent the letting of desks (pews) and rooms (sittings) in the Kirk:—*

*"The Session lays on half a merk Scotts to be pay'd for each room in y<sup>e</sup> Dasks in y<sup>e</sup> body of y<sup>e</sup> church, except John Greig's which is only a groat per room. Likeways on y<sup>e</sup> loft (gallery) 4 shills Scots for each room in y<sup>e</sup> breasts of it, and 2 shills Scots for each room over y<sup>e</sup> whole of y<sup>e</sup> rest of it."*

*To aid in estimating these rents, we must remember that a pound Scots was only twenty of our pence. A merk was a penny, and a groat one third of it.*

*The other accounts were kept in sterling money.*

*The loft was (as it is still in Scotland) the more select and aristocratic part of the Kirk, and as such was taken extra care of, as one sees by another item in the accounts,—*

By a dorment to the Loft,

O 4 0

*this dorment being a cloth to preserve it from dust as it slept (dormivit) from Sabbath to Sabbath.*

*The old burial-ground lies well away from the high raad, and one approaches it by a lane that leads to it and the manse. It is deeply shaded by trees, and slopes downwards towards the Bervie Water. In it, a little below the ivy-grown ruins of the old Church, to the north-east, stand two tables of granite, on which are laid the remains of two old gravestones. These are the monuments of the Burns family. The old stones were formerly lying on the earth of the graves, and rapidly decaying, so in 1885 an effort was made to preserve them, and they were taken up and laid on the tables. They are still, however crumbling rapidly away under the influences of the weather, and the original inscriptions are all but utterly undecipherable. The modern inscription carved round the bevel of the table to the right of the picture reads,—*

*"In memory of William Burnes, Tenant in Bogjorgan, who died 1715, and Christian Fotheringham his wife. This Tomb of the Great Grand Uncle of the Poet Robert Burns, Restored by subscription 1885."*

*The similarly placed inscription on the table to the left is,—*

*"James Burnes, Tenant in Brawlinmuir, Died January 1743, Margaret Falconer his wife, died 28th December 1749. This tomb of the Great Grand Parents of the Poet Robert Burns, Restored by subscription 1885."*

*The old stone that rests on this latter table was found lying face downward;*

## About the Less Known Land of Burns

and when it was moved its inscription was quite legible, recording the ages of James Burnes and his wife as eighty-seven and ninety respectively, with the following couplet, —

"Although our bodys worms destroy — our reins consumed be,  
Yet in our flesh and with our eyes Shall our Redeemer see."

*Brawlinmuir* (or *Brawliemuir*) and the euphoniously named *Bogjorgan* — the latter of which my mind can never dissociate from the Hungarian Bug Jargal on the one hand and the redoubtable Johnny Morgan on the other — are about two miles from *Glenberrie*, on the north side of the valley of the *Carron*, on the lands of *Inchbreck*. This is a small lairdship that was granted in 1550 to one *David Stuart* by *Sir Archibald Douglas* of *Glenberrie*, whose

life he had saved at the battle of *Pinkie*, and is still held by the *Stuarts* of *Lairthers*. Even so far back, the family of our poet lived there.



All remains of both old houses have disappeared; but the site of the home of old *William Burnes* is shown

in one of the *Brawlinmuir* fields. The present tenant of *Bogjorgan* described the old farmhouse there, which he remembers well, as a single-roomed, thatched dwelling, so low that one had to go down two or three steps to enter it, and then could hardly stand upright.

*Robert Burns'* father, *William Burnes*, was born at the farm of *Kinmonth*, that lies on the road from *Glenberrie* across the ridge separating the valleys of the *Bervie* and *Carron*; but he did not live there long, as his father removed to *Glochnahill*, in the parish of *Dunottar*, near *Stonehaven*. He was apprenticed (as I have said) at the gardens of *Glenberrie*, whence he went to *Edinburgh* at the age of nineteen, and from there wandered westward, and so gave the poet his *Ayrshire* birthplace. But the *Burnetts* of *Glenberrie* and

## About the Less Known Land of Burns

*of Monboddoo never lost their interest in the family; and the poet's "Fair Eliza" was a granddaughter of the celebrated James Burnett, Lord Monboddoo, whose theory of the descent of man from a tailed ancestor is thought by some to have at least foreshadowed Darwin's.*

*The present laird of*

*great-ne-  
do is*

*Glenbervie is her*

*pheuw. Monbod-  
in the next pa-  
rish, Fordoun,  
not very far  
from Glen-  
bervie.  
Though*

Lord Monboddoo, from the Portrait at Monboddoo.



The Old Wing of Monboddoo.

*most of the present house is modern, the old wing, where Doctor Johnson visited the quaint old Law-Lord, is still intact.*

*There many other places in the neighbourhood of Glenbervie, and by the Bervie Water, that are full of historical and antiquarian interest. The house and demesne of Arbuthnott, with a curiously castellated old church, lie towards the sea; and beyond them is the castle of Allardice, one of the homes of Captain Barclay-Allardice, the father of modern long-distance pedestrianism. The little river runs into the sea at Inver-*

## About the Less Known Land of Burns



*Bervie (generally shortened into "Bervie") after a course short indeed, but well worth following, from its source on the heights of Kerloch to its end in the German Ocean.*



# The Alarm Bell of the Century

A STORY OF THE SANDS OF BOULOGNE

BY W. STEVENS

## PART I

THE people of these islands were never more deeply stirred, every man, woman, and child of them, than when the First Napoleon encamped on the sands of Boulogne. The recollection of that time has been an Alarm Bell throughout the century. Its traditions are dying, but the story as it remains to us is full of national interest.

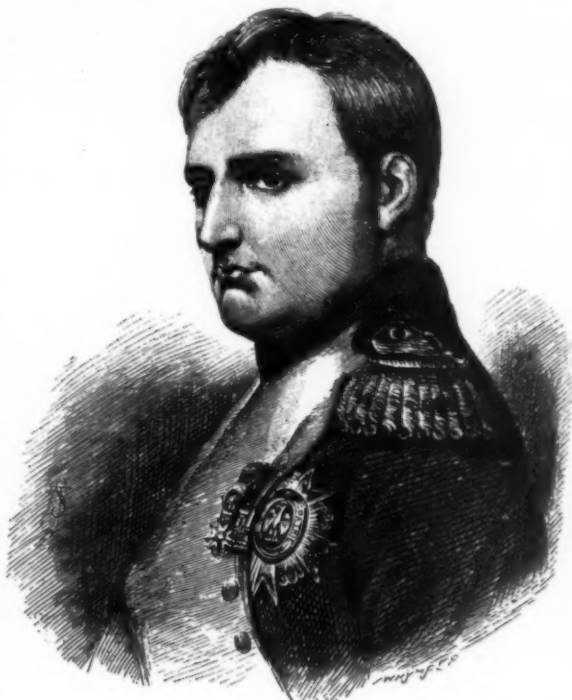
When the century began, there were twenty-five thousand French prisoners of war domiciled in England, beside a host of refugees. The majority of the prisoners were held under a strict parole at Portsmouth and Plymouth, but the "bastilles," so called, in which parties of them had shelter, used to be pointed out in scattered places. Hard times they had, for the French Government, which proposed to feed them lest they should starve, after awhile declined, and they had to fall back according to the usage of war on English hospitality, eked out by the sale of such bits of handiwork as their ingenuity could devise.

The population of the country then was reckoned at ten millions, and France was wont to ask what chance we had against

her thirty. The first census gave the actual figures for Great Britain—

England and Wales . . .	8,892,536
Scotland . . .	1,608,420
Ireland . . .	5,216,331

Total 15,717,287



From the Painting by Delaroche

BONAPARTE

Yet when Bonaparte reported in an important State document that England alone could not maintain a struggle against France, there was loud indignation in the little island, for she made her appeal to history rather than to statistics, and, as Cowper had written only a few years before, "her soul was ample as her bounds were small." She was pre-eminent in qualities which gave her an influence greater than numbers. The words of Sir James Macintosh, when

he defended the refugee Peltier, who was charged with libelling the First Consul, and inciting to assassination, are still memorable: "After the wreck of everything else ancient and venerable in Europe—of all established forms and acknowledged principles—of all long-subsisting laws and sacred institutions—we are met here, administering justice after the manner of our forefathers, in this

## The Alarm Bell of the Century

her ancient sanctuary. . . . Every press on the Continent, from Palermo to Hamburg, is enslaved; one place only remains where the press is free, protected by our Government and our patriotism."

A large part of the staying power of England at this period came in spite of wars from the rapid increase of her wealth, due to the extension of her colonies, and especially the improvement of her manufactures by the discoveries of Arkwright and Watt; canals and highways made her a new land. But, though she was able to provide subsidies for her allies, her riches were unequally distributed, and there were frequent riots caused by distress. Food even was scarce. A royal proclamation in 1800 exhorted all who could to use other food than corn, and to reduce the consumption of bread by one-third. People were enjoined to abstain from pastry. They were required on no account to exceed one quartern loaf a week for each person. That quartern the next year rose to 2s. 6d. in price. Then the sale of fine wheaten bread was forbidden. No bread was allowed without the bran; all sold was whole meal or brown. It is still told in Essex how a baker who, to please a dainty customer, sent some white bread concealed in brown, was arrested and sent to prison. We have heard there also of a labourer summoned to help dig entrenchments for defence, taking pick instead of spade, on the plea that the spade would wear out his shoes, and that it would be long before he saw another pair. Such was the England, so different from the England of to-day, which Napoleon desired to crush.

When Pitt was on one occasion taunted with forgetting the maxim of his father, that France was the natural enemy of England, he fitly replied that "to suppose any nation can be unalterably enemy of another is weak and childish." The general progress of the century since has been from hostility towards friendship—not to an alliance of unmeasured responsibilities, but to an *entente cordiale* within the range of common interests. England was made by invasions—Julius Cæsar, and Hengist, and Horsa, and the conquering Norman were the foundations of her fame; and she also has had her expeditions across the seas more than can be easily counted, two or three thousand of her sons sometimes proving a formidable host on the opposite shores.

The years are long past alike when French ships seized English ports, or English soldiers held French towns, but their spirit was slow in dying; and the inner sectional jealousies that have made France her own most dangerous enemy still ever and again cast threatening glances northward. Yet it would seem an almost incredible wrong done to the land of so many noble dreams to imagine her people so throwing themselves across the world's advance as to involve the two countries in war, and make the possibilities of invasion again the most practical question.

It was on Christmas Day, 1799, that Bonaparte, as First Consul, wrote to George III.—"Are there no means of coming to an understanding?" He represented this letter as a first act on his being "called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the first magistracy of the French Republic." "How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, more powerful and stronger than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice to the idea of a vain grandeur the benefits of commerce, of internal prosperity, and domestic happiness? How is it that they do not feel that peace is as glorious as necessary?" Here, as at almost every other point of his eventful career, historians have provided two interpretations,—one a *bonâ fide* wish for a change of policy, the other a design to secure time for the consolidation of his personal power. The English ministry took the ground that there could be no solid basis of peace unless it secured the general safety of Europe. Another two years passed before the Peace of Amiens was declared. Then followed a wild exchange of communications across the Channel, the cheapening of provisions, the release of prisoners, the passing to and fro of eager travellers. Not the least remarkable incident was the visit of Charles James Fox to Paris, and his reception by Bonaparte. But all this effervescence passed, and left the taste of things bitter. The English feeling flamed out, the French anger was not more reserved. England saw Bonaparte still active, intriguing and manipulating Europe in the spirit of an overbearing ambition. France protested that England did not keep her treaties.

The retrocession of Malta was one of the clauses of the Treaty of Amiens. It was to be given by England into the charge of the Knights of St. John, and half the garrison to be supplied by the King of Naples. All

## The Alarm Bell of the Century

the world saw that this was equivalent to surrendering the island to France, and as the schemes of Bonaparte for the conquest of the East began again to appear, England hesitated. The First Consul did not veil his intentions when he met the English ambassador at the Tuileries; he disclaimed the desire for war, and said he had no means of assailing England, except by a descent upon her shores. The chances, he averred, were a hundred to one against him, but he would risk them if he must. United, the two countries might govern the world. A few weeks later Talleyrand was set to argue the question. He, too, declared that if there were war, encampments would be formed upon the coast. The anger of Bonaparte, real or feigned, broke upon Lord Whitworth, the ambassador, in words that all might hear, at a *levée* in the Tuileries: "You are then determined on war?" "We have been at war for fifteen years—you are determined on hostilities for fifteen years more!" "The English do not respect treaties, which henceforth we must cover with black crape." "You may destroy France, but you cannot intimidate her." Lord Whitworth calmly protested, but the First Consul turned and went out from the *salon*. Talleyrand afterwards wrote that Bonaparte would rather be "cut to pieces" than yield any clause of the Treaty, yet further negotiations revived the hope of reasonable peace. Whitworth watched and gave it as his opinion that France was unprepared, and scheming for time. Two months later, in May 1803, war was declared by Great Britain herself. The peace had lasted only one year and sixteen days.

During this interval Bonaparte had taken at least one step which excited suspicion. He appointed agents, corresponding to consuls, to reside in many of our ports; they were supposed to watch over the trade which he so harassed, and were instructed not only to give commercial information, but to send plans of each port, with the soundings noted, and the points of wind by which vessels could best go out and enter.

The jealousies of nations, with the distrust that accompanies them, have been as fruitful in evil as their ambitions. The aims of Bonaparte took, however, very definite form. Not only was France now ascendant over the half of Europe, the development of her internal resources had made her more formidable than ever before.

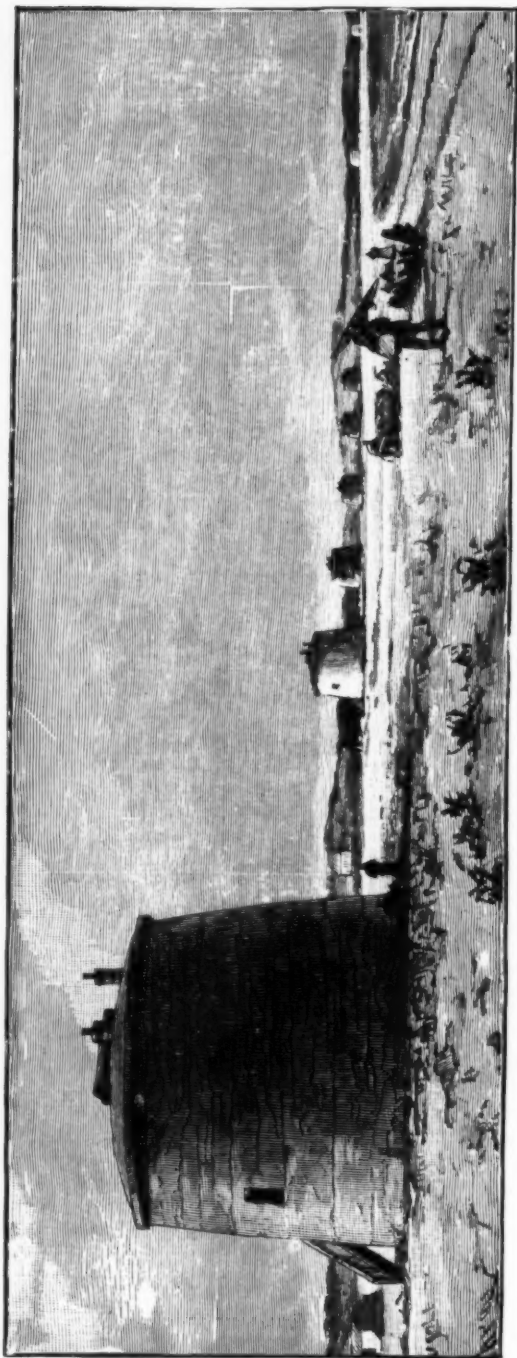
Several causes had come to her help after the first passionate struggle of the Revolution, and chief among them the administrative genius of her ruler. For a moment Fox sought to stay the uplifted arm by suggesting the mediation of Russia, but even he soon saw that a new despotism was taking upon itself the cloak of government, that another era had come, and that resolute resistance was the only hope of freedom. France gave its enthusiasm to the First Consul; England was as one man in the defiance it offered. It was a tremendous conflict that approached.

From the day of the declaration of war, it was known from whence the blow would be directed. It was no new impulse that turned the thoughts of Bonaparte towards Boulogne. He had been there incognito early in 1799 and surveyed the ground; he had subsequently commenced extensive fortifications, and he had modestly estimated with one of his generals that the invasion of England might be achieved with an army of a hundred and twenty thousand. His plans now were more comprehensive. In England there was instant rally; never probably in English history was there such swift action and response throughout the nation. Invasion was no new alarm; it had been once or twice attempted; from the side of Ireland it had been often planned. The Irish volunteers had sprung into a power to resist it. The English volunteers were not a formidable body, but they were the nucleus of a force, and thousands at the first word hastened to enrol themselves. They mustered in Hyde Park, to be reviewed by the king; they marched to the churches to offer their prayers. Was it possible the man who had led his army by St. Bernard over the Alps, should surmount the difficulties of the sea, and cross the Channel also? Then, they "would know the reason why."

A circular letter was sent out in June to the archbishops and bishops of France desiring them to offer up prayers to God for the success of the French arms against "the perfidious English." How far the enslavement of the clergy had gone is curiously shown in a mandate of Cardinal Cambacérès, the Archbishop of Rouen—

"We are persuaded that the sovereign arbiter of the destiny of empires will favour our cause; and that He will refuse to our enemies His Divine Protection, without which the most formidable

## The Alarm Bell of the Century



MARTELLO TOWERS AT PEVENSEY

preparations for war can only be attended with the most signal defeat. That He will avenge the sanctity of treaties, of which He was appealed to as the guarantee, as well by our adversaries as ourselves. . . . Let us demand of Him, particularly, that the MAN OF HIS RIGHT HAND, the man who, by His direction and by His orders, has done so much for the re-establishment of His worship, and who proposes to do so much more, may CONTINUE TO BE, like Cyrus, THE CHRIST OF PROVIDENCE; that He may watch over his life, and cover him with His wings; that He may shield his august person from the dangers he may meet in combat, and those he has to fear, from the envy of his detractors, on account of his merit; from the wicked, because his object is to do good; from impiety, because he is supporting religion; from policy and from foreign passions, because he is the first man of a great State, and the happiness of the empire he governs is essentially united with his preservation."

How quickly affairs moved was seen in a letter addressed to the prefects by the Minister of the Interior a month after the declaration of war—

"In the position in which France is at present, and with the kind of enemies with whom we have to combat, the bravery of the French would remain fruitless on the shores of the ocean, if the means of reaching their enemy were not furnished them by numerous vessels. It is to the construction of vessels, therefore, that all our efforts ought to be directed; commerce, agriculture, and industry will suffer the less, the more speedy the execution. A flat-bottomed boat of the first kind will cost 30,000 francs (£1200); one of the second from 18,000 to 20,000; and one of the third from 4000 to 6000. Two feet of water are sufficient to carry a flat-bottomed boat not armed; there are few towns, therefore, that cannot execute an enterprise of this nature. These boats will be distinguished by the names of the towns and the departments which have constructed them. The Government will accept, with satisfaction, from a ship of the line down to the smallest transport. If each department and each large town, by a general and rapid movement, put vessels on the stocks, the French army will soon go and dictate laws to the British Government, and establish the repose of Europe, the liberty and prosperity of commerce, on the only basis by which their duration can be ensured."

At the same time all the shipcarpenters and boat-builders in

## The Alarm Bell of the Century

France, from the age of fifteen to sixty, were put in requisition to work only for the Government.

Napoleon in his invincible confidence was apt to underrate the forces that Nature could array against him. It was conspicuously so when the snows of Moscow fell upon him. In speaking of conscription as the foundation of a nation, he once quoted a saying of the Gauls: "If the sky should fall, we will keep it up with our lances." It was somewhat in this spirit that he thought of ships and the sea. At St. Helena he complained of the technicalities of seamen, that he never could find a man sufficiently above his profession to enter into his schemes. "If I proposed any new idea," he once said, "I had all the marine department to contend with. Sir, that is impossible; Sir, the winds—the calms—the currents, will not permit; and thus I was stopped short." This view of things goes far to explain the place he gave in his plans to the Boulogne flotilla.

Admiral Bruix was appointed to command it. A proclamation issued by him from Boulogne in September speaks of the people from the towns and districts round "bringing in their voluntary gifts in multitudes." Addressing the sailors, he continues—

"Recollect that the victory begins in your docks, and in your marine and military exercises. Let those ships which insolently cruise along our shores, at sight of your labours, return, and say to their Government: 'A fearful day is preparing; the winds and sea, again favourable to the conqueror of Egypt, may in a few hours bring him to our coasts, and with him the innumerable companions of his glory.' To hasten this result, it is my first duty to establish a severe discipline in the national flotilla. Subordination will regulate your efforts; that can alone add to the activity of your labours. Sailors, we are on the field of battle; to lose a moment would be criminal cowardice. Redouble, therefore, your zeal; multiply your services, and the nation which oppresses the seas will be conquered by terror, before it experiences the fate of arms, and sinks beneath the blows of our heroes."

"*Conquered by terror!*" If that notion was ever really cherished, it must soon have vanished. The uppermost thought in England was that the landing of Bonaparte would be his annihilation.

One of the first great meetings held was in St. Sepulchre's Church, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, as alderman of the ward of Farringdon Without. The temper of the time shows in the first resolution affirmed—

"That it becomes the patriotism of every subject of the United Kingdom, of whatever rank, to forego, at this moment, all private gratifications and considerations whatever, in order that he may be enabled to co-operate with the general power of Government in the destruction of any force that may attempt the invasion of this island."

Other resolutions invited all the inhabitants, from the age of eighteen to forty-five, to form themselves into associations for training as preliminary to joining the volunteers; and all above forty-five were to enrol themselves as constables, or in some form of subsidiary service. The enthusiasm with which these were adopted sprang from a universal feeling.

The next day the members of Lloyd's met, passed their resolutions, and opened a subscription. Yet a few days later, the merchants and bankers and chief traders and others of the city assembled at the Royal Exchange. Their "Declaration" begins—

"The independence and existence of the British Empire, the safety, the liberty, the life of every man is at stake. The events perhaps of a few months, certainly of a few years, are to determine whether we and our children are to continue free-men and members of the most flourishing community in the world, or whether we are to be the slaves of our most implacable enemies—themselves the slaves of a Foreign Usurper?"

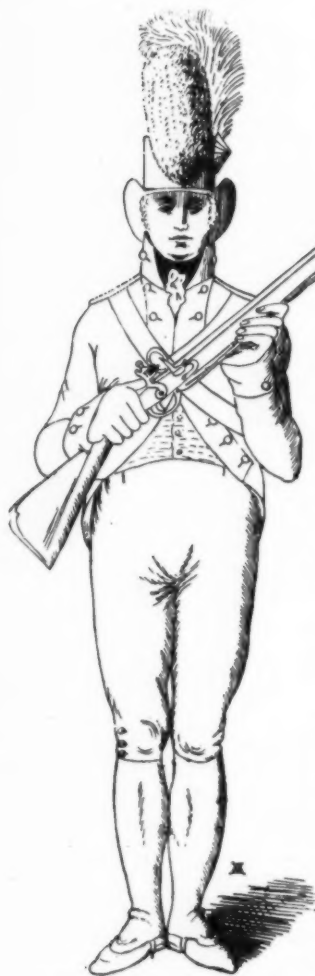
It is couched throughout in rhetorical strain—burlesque, these cooler days, so far removed from the exciting stress, might account it—but it speaks in every line with the national resolve—

... "We should consider the public safety as the chief interest of every individual; that every man should deem the sacrifice of his fortune and his life to his country as nothing more than his duty; that no man should murmur at any exertions or privations which this awful crisis may impose upon him; that we should regard faintings or languor in the common cause as the basest treachery; that we should go into the field with an unshaken resolution to conquer or to die; and that we should look upon nothing as a calamity compared with the subjugation of our country."

"At such a moment we deem it our duty solemnly to bind ourselves to each other and to our countrymen in the most sacred manner: that we will employ all our exertions to rouse the spirit and to assist the resources of the kingdom—for we will be ready with our services of every sort, and on every occasion, in its defence; and that we will rather perish together than live to see the honour of the British name tarnished, or that noble inheritance of Greatness, Glory, and Liberty destroyed, which has descended to us from our forefathers, and which we are determined to transmit to our posterity."

With one voice the whole nation declared itself prepared for any sacrifice. The supreme moment seemed at hand. In the general judgment, the national

## The Alarm Bell of the Century



BLOOMSBURY AND INNS OF COURT  
VOLUNTEER, 1803

ambition, or be the consequence of a policy that seems obligatory; they may be waged in the name of liberty, or in the defence of sacred rights; but the actual state of war which tends to overpass limits is usually veiled. Easy is the descent of Avernus. When the Peace Societies of the world come face to face with such facts as stirred our grandfathers, they find argument an offence, political speculation a folly, and the abstraction of moralists a vanity of the Evil One; human nature cries out above debate—"Who will shut these gates of hell?"

It was said in parliament that if France prevailed, England would experience the fate of Carthage. "No! no!" replied the *Moniteur*; "we will chastise about one hundred oligarchical families, who are responsible for the bloodshed in Europe. We will permit the English to enjoy all the blessings of equality, and establish a permanent alliance, which shall secure the repose of Europe."

One contemporary sketch, shaping its scenes on continental models, pictures

<sup>1</sup> There is a perplexing gulf between the roughly sketched Bonaparte of these times, and the Bonaparte of historical analysis, of whom on his intellectual side Lord Acton has said, he was "the most splendid genius that has appeared on earth."

existence was at stake. The man in the streets thought so; the man in the field starved and knew it; statesmen summed their resources, and counted every available weapon of defence. North, south, east, and west the people gathered, although the gravity of the crisis was not everywhere at once known, and life in many directions moved on undisturbed. Thousands of hand-bills were distributed, some for information, some to awaken alarm, and quicken any laggard spirits. In all these Bonaparte was denounced as a monster of atrocity; charges were made against him which have since proved to be at least exaggerations.<sup>1</sup> The French armies were portrayed as the robbers and malefactors of Europe. It is remarkable how in speech, sermon, song, everywhere, on all occasions, the cry goes forth that the home is in peril; the loudest, most frequent, and most persuasive of all cries is—Defend the women and children! A unanimous sentiment responded to the refrain of the lines recited by Kemble at Covent Garden, as addressed to those who were assembling for the defence of the coast—

"Return victorious, or return no more!"

The more famous line which will shine for ever through the world's troubled history, came home now—

"Dulce et decorum pro patriâ mori!"

The avowals of patriotism, when no blow is struck, are apt to have a braggadocio sound; but no one in Europe doubted, least of all Bonaparte himself, the reality of the resolution that now spoke out.

We cannot pass this way without realising the large humanity of the Quaker protest against war, as distinct from questions of policy. It had the basis of dread experience. Let any one read "the facts" set down by the sober "Annual Register" at this time for national "consideration." The horrors described are scarcely less terrible than the shameful massacres of Armenia, yet occurred on the highways of Europe. In our histories, the wars we read of are assigned their limits; they may spring from sheer

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Bonaparte making his entry over London Bridge—having the French flag hoisted on the ships above the English—placing the Directors of the Bank under a strong guard in the Bank parlour—passing in grand procession down Cheapside, westward to St. James's Palace—and installing Citizen Fouché as Minister of Police in Marlborough House. Then the next morning we have—

"BY ORDER OF THE FIRST CONSUL, PROCLAMATION.

"St. James's Palace.

"Inhabitants of London, be tranquil. The Hero, the Pacificator, is come among you! His moderation and his mercy are too well known to you. He delights in restoring peace and liberty to all mankind. Banish all alarms; pursue your usual occupations; put on the habit of joy and gladness.

"The FIRST CONSUL Orders,

"That all the Inhabitants of London and Westminster remain in their houses for three days.

"That no molestation shall be offered to the measures which the French soldiers will be required to execute.

"All persons disobeying these orders will be immediately carried before the Minister of Police.

"(Signed) BONAPARTE.

"The Minister of Police, FOUCHÉ."

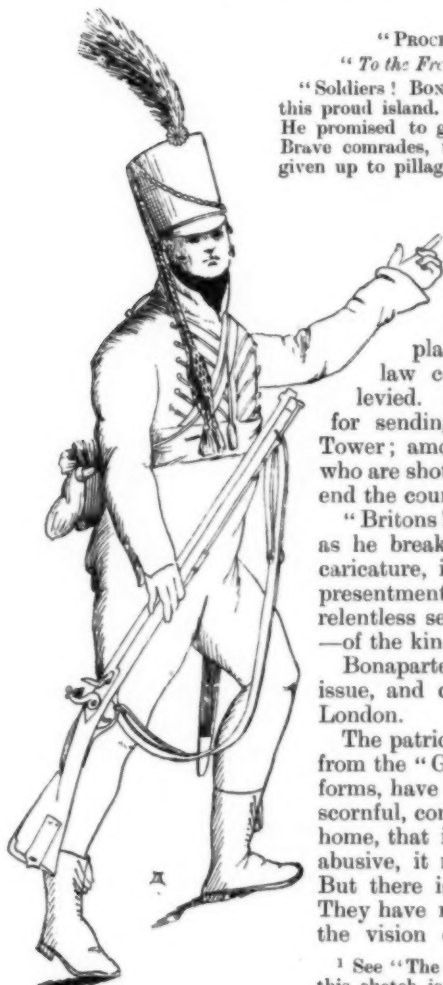
"PROCLAMATION.

"To the French Soldiers.

"Soldiers! BONAPARTE has led you to the Shores and the Capital of this proud island. He promised to reward his brave companions-in-arms. He promised to give up the Capital of the British Empire to pillage. Brave comrades, take your reward. London, the second Carthage, is given up to pillage for three days.

"(Signed) BONAPARTE.

"The Minister of War, *par interim*, ANGÉRAU."



VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS, 1803

Afterwards come the incidents of the week. The houses of the nobility are appropriated to the French Generals; a Senate, with Masséna as provisional president, takes the place of parliament, and military tribunals of the law courts. A contribution of twenty millions is levied. A plot is discovered which serves as pretext for sending three hundred of the chief people to the Tower; amongst them some of the first men of the nation, who are shot. Changes of administration follow, and in the end the country is renamed, *La France insulaire*.

"Britons! can this be endured?" cries the chronicler, as he breaks off his narrative. It can scarcely be called caricature, irony and satire are there, but it was a vivid presentment of the swiftness of Napoleon's movement, the relentless severity of his rule, which might follow invasion—of the kind that all could understand.<sup>1</sup>

Bonaparte himself said that one battle would decide the issue, and calculated that five days would bring him to London.

The patriotic songs that crowd out sentiment and elegy from the "Gentleman's Magazine," and overflow in various forms, have the same strong popular note—they are proud, scornful, confident, full of a passionate love of country and home, that is ready to die in arms; they are grave, gay, abusive, it may be coarse—and tender and solemn also. But there is scarcely one of them that is worthy to live. They have none of them the simple strength of Burns, or the vision of Wordsworth's patriotism, or the glow of

<sup>1</sup> See "The Dawn of the XIXth Century," by John Ashton, where this sketch is reproduced in full (Fisher Unwin). Also, "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I.," by John Ashton.

## The Alarm Bell of the Century

Tennyson's. Nothing among them reaches the level of the quotations or adaptations from Shakespeare, which, it should be noted, come from near the Armada time.

"Britons!

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging honour: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

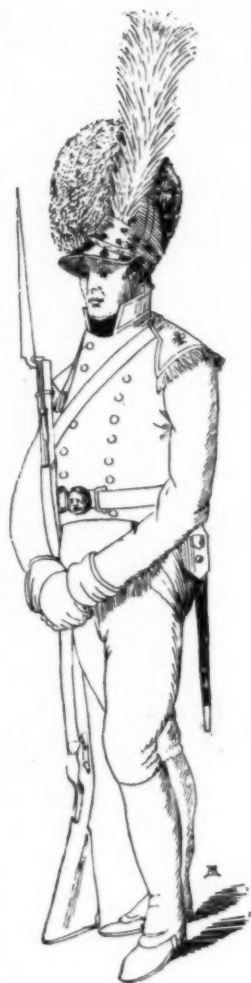
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
Oh, let it not be said!—Forage, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh."

OR,

"This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
—Let come three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true."

As the autumn drew on, a day of fasting and prayer was kept. A few weeks later a multitude met at Rowland Hill's Chapel; there was fainting from the pressure, and a brief panic from fear that the gallery was falling, while thousands of volunteers remained outside the whole time of the service. The famous preacher took for his text Ps. xx. 7, 8: "Some put their trust in chariots, and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. They are brought down and fallen, but we are risen and stand upright." The anxious years that succeeded had each its National Fast. Every church door bore from month to month its appeal to unite in the defence of the country.

Meanwhile the tramp of soldiers grew thicker and thicker all along that northern coast. In June Bonaparte was at Boulogne; in July he made triumphal entry into Calais. The French were sanguine. In these earlier days at a grand dinner given at Calais this toast was drunk: "To the French quartermaster who shall first billet his troops at Dover, and to the speedy review of the French Guard in St. James's Park."



HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY, 1803



## After Two Years

BY M. H. CORNWALL LEGH

AUTHOR OF "A HARD MASTER," "THE STEEP ASCENT," ETC.

"God's Possible is taught by His World's Loving."

### I

"THE question is just this, isn't it, whether we *really* love each other?"

A young man and a young girl were standing together in one of the windows of an old country house, looking out on a clear, cold, yellow sunset over a landscape buried in snow, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. She was looking out on it at least, while he was looking at the only thing worth seeing in the world to him—her face.

A romance stretching over three months had run its course before this, and they had come to the last chapter.

"There is not much question about that on my part," he answered.

A faint spasm of pain showed itself in her face. There are some women to whom it is intolerable to receive a greater love than they can give in return.

"But we cannot tell," she said, speaking with a strained eagerness. "I know we do care for each other now, and if it were so that we could marry at once, I should not be afraid to become your wife. But —"

"I don't want you to promise anything," he answered. "I would not tie you down to a long engagement even if you were willing for it. It isn't fair upon a girl to ask her to wait on an uncertainty—I mean an uncertainty as to time."

"And yet—and yet one knows one could wait ten years, twenty years, if it is the real feeling. Love must be for a lifetime. Only, till it has been tested and proved, how are we to tell that it is real love?"

"There is no proving it scientifically, of course," he answered. "But—well, I am certain enough of myself to wait thirty years. How long a proof do you think that we require, Vera?"

She was silent.

"If I were only in Bertram's shoes!" he broke out at last with a vehemence not quite without bitterness.

"Bertram?" she said interrogatively. It was a relief to escape for a moment from

the strained pitch at which the conversation had arrived.

"My cousin, you know—Captain For-dyce. It was even chances which of us came in for my uncle's property. He could leave it to whom he liked, and it was supposed once that I was his favourite, but I believe he objected to my taking up medicine. Anyhow, he has left it all to Bertram. It was a nice little thing to come in for—Allardyce and £20,000 a year."

"I have never wanted to be rich," Vera answered earnestly. "I should never have cared for you so much if you had given up the splendid work for which you have such a gift, to please your uncle and come in for his property."

"Still we should have been able to marry," he answered, not very cheerfully.

"But we shall be, now, in a year or two," Vera said, the natural instinct of consoling overpowering every other feeling. "You will soon have a good practice, and then—I am sure father will not refuse his consent; he is too fond of us to be unreasonable, and, as I said, I do not care in the least about having much."

"God bless you, dear," he said, and took both her hands in his. A faint, half-perceptible motion on her part, however, held him back in the impulse to clasp her to his heart.

"But I leave you free," he went on, "for as long a time as you like to name. We must name some time—don't you think so? It would be unbearable to drag on indefinitely."

"Yes," she said, accepting the proposal almost eagerly. "Let us take a certain time to prove our love, to see if it is the real kind that will wear. I think we ought not even to see or write to each other."

"It is for you to name the conditions," he replied. "I must not complain that you are making them too hard."

"I do not want to make them hard. Perhaps there is no reason we should not see each other, but it must be as friends only; just the same as before, must it not?"

## After Two Years

Gerard knew it must. Anything remotely connected with underhand dealing was an impossibility with Vera, and he was not in a position yet to ask her father's approval.

"Just the same as before," he answered. "And for how long?"

"In two years' time I shall be of age."

"And by then I ought to have established myself in some sort of a practice. One could hardly count on doing that in a year I suppose."

He would have preferred a year.

"Then we will make it two," she responded, her true eyes looking seriously and steadfastly into his. "During that time we shall be perfectly free, you and I, and if we find

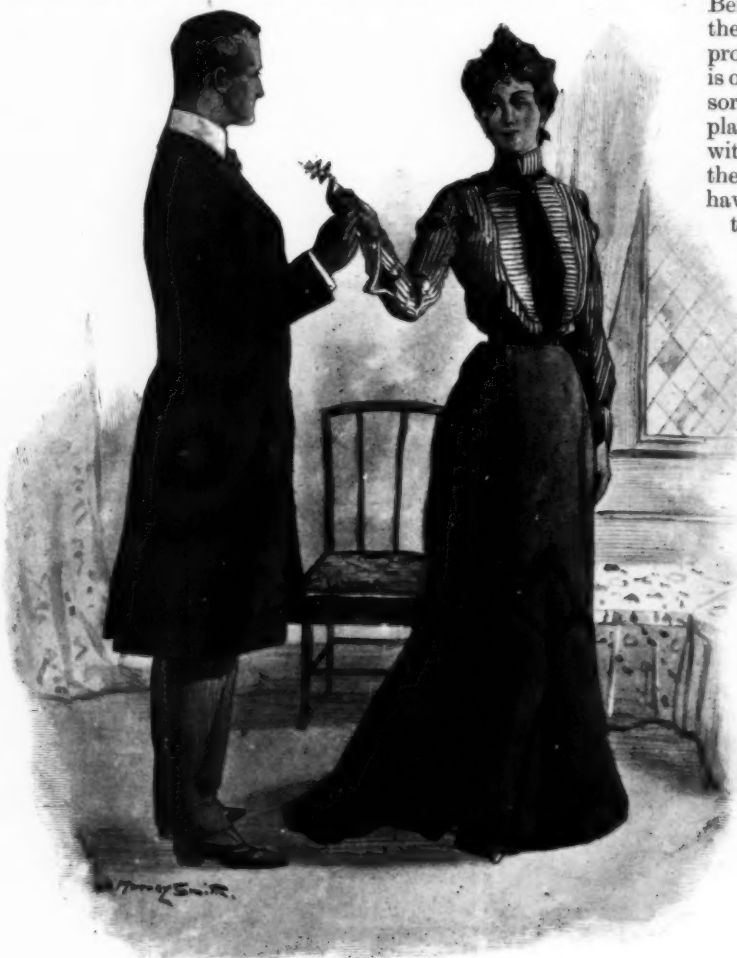
that our hearts are capable of any deeper love than we have given to each other, we have, either of us, simply to let the other know. If not, and if at the end of the two years you come back and ask me—what you would like to have asked me to-day—I shall be yours, Gerard." He folded her hand in both his. It seemed a long time to wait for her.

"And you will not envy your cousin for having the property?" Vera continued, a smile coming over her earnest face like a sunbeam playing on a mountain.

"No," he answered. "In fact I never have done, till now. We are friends, you know—next door to brothers. Besides, Bertram is much more the kind of man for a property like that. He is one of your high ideal sort of fellows, full of plans and schemes, and with brains to carry them through. I should have been no good at that, and I should be sorry to give up doctoring, which is in my line of business."

"And it isn't as if money could have the least effect on one's love. If the love we have for each other is real, it must last on and be as strong as ever at the end of the two years. There cannot be true love that is not constant."

"Give me something—some pledge or token, Vera," Gerard said, with a little laugh at his own sentimental words. She took a sprig of holly from her throat and put it in his hands: the blood-drops



"GIVE ME SOMETHING—SOME PLEDGE OR TOKEN, VERA"

of the berries glistened between the sharp prickles of the leaves. He threw open the window and picked for her a rime-covered leaf from the ivy which buried the walls of Holycroft Manor.

"We will keep these as long as we remain true to each other," he said.

And she, "And if either returns the leaf, the other will know what that means, without the need of words."

So the compact was sealed.

"Well, I only hope it won't last out the two years," was the comment of Vera's sister, and sole confidante in this affair. "I should not like to see you a poor doctor's wife."

"He has great talent, Marion."

"I know he is very clever in his profession, and of course he is good-looking and of good family, and he has particularly high-bred manners and can make himself agreeable. But"—and she gathered all her energies together with this *but*—"it would be a dreadfully poor match for you, Vera. He hasn't a penny, or at any rate twopence, beyond what he makes. And he is very conceited—he must be; men who are spoiled by society in the way he has been always are. And he wears glasses. And I am sure he is a dreadful flirt. You know all the Moncktons are."

## II

In two years one may do a good deal if one works hard, and Gerard worked very hard indeed. At the beginning of that time he set up on his own account as a doctor, and at the end of it he had what was a considerable practice for so young a man; it was, moreover, hopefully on the increase.

During the period of probation he saw Vera occasionally. The result was always to make him more intensely in love than before, more strainedly eager to win her, more full of rapturous dreams of the joy which every day, with its unhurrying tread, was bringing nearer to him.

Vera showed him nothing except the cordial friendliness which had always existed between them, and which in action had remained unbroken through their momentous interview. Mindful of their compact, he never tried to outstep his bounds, but the effort required for this self-control was so great that it was almost a relief to him when, in the October of the second year,

instead of coming up to town as they generally did about that time, Vera and her father and sister went for a tour in Italy, which would only allow them to reach England by Christmas.

Those last two months held for him strange agonies of hope and fear. So great was the good brought nearer to certainty every hour, that Gerard could hardly believe it would really come. He never heard the postman's knock without a quiver of fear lest that post should bring him sudden blackness and despair in the return of the ivy-leaf.

But it did not return. Neither did his beloved meet with sudden accident or death, whereby the cup was dashed from his lips. No, she reached England and Holycroft safe and sound, and the morning of Christmas Eve broke, telling him that his long waiting had ended in fruition. Vera was his!

The earliest available train was the one by which Gerard had planned to go down into the country, and at 7 a.m. he hailed a hansom to take him to King's Cross.

Just as he was stepping into it, a woman came running at full speed down the street. She cried out to him to stop.

"Thank Heaven you're up, sir!" she exclaimed. "Now ain't this a Providence! There's two children been burnt almost to death down in Phyllis Court. If they don't get something done for them quick they'll be gone."

"Can't you call in some one else?" said Gerard. "I am just off to catch a train."

"They'll all be in their beds at this hour, and which of them would get up and be out for the sake of poor folks like us? You might, sir, I've knowed you do it; but old Dr. Lorimer, he wouldn't, nor yet Dr. Andrews, and the others all lives so far, by the time they'd come the children would be gone."

Now here was a pulling both ways, as though one had been seized by each arm and half torn asunder! On the one hand Gerard was dragged by the unreasonably eager longing he had to delay not an hour in reaching Vera, a longing to be accounted for only, from a material point of view, by the exceeding impetus always given by the sudden removal of a strong restraining power; on the other by his instinct of the healer, that instinct whose sacrifices are so common a part of the life of a doctor that few stop to consider their nobility.

## After Two Years

Gerard was a healer born; it was almost the strongest element in his nature. Yet there was a sharp struggle within him.

"Oh, sir, come, do come!" the woman went on appealingly. "You'll have a wife and children of your own some day. Now show us a little pity!"

The struggle was over. Gerard dismissed the cab and followed the woman to the adjacent court. The children's injuries were serious, and the mother had been thrown into a fit by the accident, so there was a good deal to be done, and he was only in time to catch the 10.35 train, by which he could not reach Holycroft till about four o'clock in the afternoon. As he walked up the platform at King's Cross a familiar voice greeted him.

"You going by this train, Gerard? What luck! then we travel together!"

It was his cousin Bertram. The two were devoted friends, but at that moment Gerard felt more inclined for solitude than for any companionship. His nerves were in a state of tension which every touch seemed to aggravate. Besides, he did not care to tell where he was going till the object of his journey had been absolutely achieved.

Gerard's native reserve had a counterpoise in Bertram's natural frankness. "I am going down to spend Christmas with some friends of mine," he said, "near Nottingham—the Lascelles—charming people. I made their acquaintance in Paris."

"You have been abroad some time."

"Yes.—You go third? All the same to me. Anything but second! Yes," as they took their seats in a compartment which, through some mysterious influence, remained otherwise vacant for some stages of their journey, "I made friends with some people on my way back, and joined forces with them, and they stopped a fortnight or so longer than I had intended to in the Pyrenees."

"The Lascelles?"

"No, friends of theirs, who introduced me to them, in fact, a father and two daughters.—Well, you have not told me how far we go together."

"I get out at Nottingham." There Gerard had to change and go on two stations further, but this he did not mention.

"What an odd coincidence! You are

not looking well, Gerard. You've been going it too hard."

"Just what I was on the point of saying to you," his cousin replied, looking into Bertram's eyes, which had a curious brightness in them, while his face and general demeanour were marked with a certain restlessness which might have escaped an inexperienced eye, but did not escape Gerard's.

"I? I have been doing nothing for the last two months. I never took such a long holiday in my life before."

"My dear fellow, I believe you are in love!" exclaimed Gerard, carrying the war into the enemy's camp.

Bertram returned the laugh with which these words were spoken, not very steadily.

"I'm right then?" Gerard asked, in that gentle voice, devoid of curiosity, yet expressing infinite possibilities of sympathy, which has so magic a power in unlocking confidences. Bertram's were invariably thus unlocked; from boyhood he had been in the habit of pouring out his confidences to his cousin, the quiet strength and unchangeableness of whose character had a peculiar attraction for his own mobile and highly-strung nature.

"I have not told another soul," he said, "I never shall, for I know that there isn't a chance for me. I shall know it for certain within the next twenty-four hours."

"To-day?"

"Yes, to-day. I would give anything to have it all over, and yet—well, so long as one is allowed a ghost of a hope, one can't help clinging to it."

"How do you know there is only the ghost of a hope? If a woman gives you as much as that she generally means something more."

"Oh, if the question were only whether she cared for me!"

"She does care then? Well, then I think you are making yourself miserable about nothing, old fellow; it is sure to come right in the end. What are the obstacles?"

"I must not say she cares," Bertram answered quickly, "she will not let herself care. The thing is, there is another man in the case, and she feels he has a prior claim on her."

"Is she engaged?"

"No! Do you think I would make love to a girl who was? But it stands like this

—there is another man who is awfully in love with her, and told her so two Christmases ago. She says she liked him very much, and felt she could marry him then, only he was too poor for it to come off at once; but she wasn't quite sure of her own heart, whether it was the *real thing* that will wear, you know. So they agreed that they would part for two years, and if at the end of that time they both felt the same, she would marry him. Perhaps it is not quite fair to tell you this, but as you know nothing about the other parties concerned—in fact I do not know myself who the man is—I suppose it does not matter."

There was silence in the carriage, a cold still silence.

"You were always a man who could keep your own counsel, Gerard," his cousin went on. "I know I can trust you to do so about this?"

"You can."

"Thanks: of course I knew that you would. Supposing she and I ever were to —" He broke off, then continued—

"My ghost of a chance is just this, the man might not come to claim her. Something might make him change at the last moment; there is just the possibility of that, isn't there?"

"Not the slightest in the world, I should say."

"Well, no, I suppose not," Bertram assented, a greyness stealing over his face and his eyes growing suddenly aged. "Of course he would have let her know before this. He never would have waited till the last moment, and then have told her he did not want her after all; it would be so utterly unfair. For she might have cared for him, you know."

"And how do you know she does not care?" Gerard asked, in quiet even tones, with an inward fierceness that dashed itself roaring against the bars of its cage.

"Oh, her whole tone, her look, her manner," Bertram answered with a smile half radiant, half pathetic. "A woman cannot love two people at the same time, you know. A woman like that only loves ones in a life. And if you had seen the pain in her face when she told me all about it, and why she couldn't listen to me . . . And oh, Gerard, the look in her eyes when I asked her whether, if she had been free, she could have loved me!"

"She is free till the other man comes to claim her."

"Yes, verbally; but then she's a woman with a soul, Gerard, a good woman, a noble woman. I could not love her as I do if she were not. She says it would be too cruel to him, after letting him think all this time that she was going to be his, just at the last moment to dash his hopes to the ground. So it would, of course, poor beggar, if he cares for her a quarter as much as I do."

Bertram's voice choked.

"If he and I could have changed places," Bertram went on after a few moments, "and he had been the rich one, I think there might have been a chance for me. But he has next to nothing, and has been working away like a horse these two years to make a home for her. 'I *couldn't* throw him over now,' she said, after telling me that, 'I must make him as happy as I can.'—Do you remember those lines of Lytton's?—

'Unknown to herself, her nature without hesitation  
Embraced the idea of self-immolation.'

That is Vera to a T. She never thinks of herself at all, only what will be the best for others. It is hard though, old fellow, isn't it,"—he ended in a husky voice,—  
"hard on both of us?"

"Hard all round," Gerard replied. He was looking out of the window.

"Hard on him too, you mean? Well, I don't know. You see, he will have her. And she isn't the kind of woman to let herself think about another man when once she is married. She does not believe in the 'sacred rights of passion,' and that sort of thing. One *can* control one's feelings, and keep one's affections in the right channel," she said to me, "otherwise where would be the fidelity of a woman to her husband?" And she looked straight at me with her earnest eyes—she has such wonderful eyes, Gerard, like an old ideal saint's—and I had not another word to say. I believe she is right, at least as regards herself. I believe she is holding back her natural feelings and not loving me, just by pure force of her will, to keep in the way of what is rightest and noblest, and that if she does marry that man she will give him her heart."

He leaned his head in his hands, and so remained for some time. Gerard sat immovable. The train rushed northward through the frozen air.

## After Two Years

### III

THE afternoon of Christmas Eve was closing in. The red sun looked in through the window of Holycroft drawing-room. Bertram and Vera stood there together.

"I ought not to have come so soon," he said; "I should have waited till to-morrow, but I thought he would have been sure to come early, and then I should have known my fate at once."

Bertram had driven over from Nottingham and had just arrived. They had met all but silently, he simply taking her hand in answer, and saying with a quiver which showed how great the strain of each moment had been, "Not yet."

"Now I will go," he said. "I shall come round outside the house at twelve to-night. I shall look up at your window: give me some sign."

"Hush!" she whispered, "he is here!"

A knock was heard at the hall door. It vibrated through the hearts of both as though it would veritably break them.

"I saw him from my room," she said, "coming up through the park."

Silent they stood, each white and trembling. Bertram had not power to move till he had looked once upon the face of him whose coming would leave his own life a frozen wilderness.

They could hear the hall door being opened. They could hear a footstep coming up to the drawing-room. A footman came up to Vera and gave her a note. She took it, glanced at the handwriting, and for one sick moment held it with powerless fingers.

Then she tore open the envelope and took out a blank sheet of paper. She turned to Bertram with a low cry, and into the eyes of both there flashed a light of wild, indescribable joy.

He held out his arms. She fell sobbing on his breast. The blank sheet of



SHE FELL SOBBING ON HIS BREAST

paper had enclosed a withered sprig of holly.

### IV

THE wedding bells rang out on the soft spring air as Bertram Fordyce and Vera came down the aisle of the old village church, man and wife.

One of the guests had arrived late, and watched the marriage ceremony from a solitary corner of the gallery. He joined the rest of the party, however, as they went up to the house and entered with them. The bridegroom, as soon as he caught sight of the new arrival, came up and shook him warmly by the hand.

"It is a long time since we have seen anything of each other, Gerard," he said. "It is a great shame your refusing to be my best man, for you have managed to get away after all."

"I couldn't be sure of it, you know. A doctor's time is not his own."

"You are overworking yourself, as I told you at Christmas," remarked Bertram. "Really you ought sometimes to take a rest. Run down to the Pyrenees for a week or two. That is what set me up," and he glanced, with a smile full of meaning, in the direction of his bride. He drew his cousin to one side.

"It was all right, you see," he said in an undertone. "At the very last moment the other fellow sent in his resignation. Wonderful, wasn't it? The man must have been simply a brute, but I do not quarrel with him on that account. I suppose I should if I knew him, though; just imagine a creature calling himself a gentleman behaving like that! Vera never will let me know who it was. It is her one secret, and I always pay her out by saying that I have a dark secret too, which would distress her terribly if she knew of it. Only I cannot get her to believe it. Mine is simply having taken you into my confidence that afternoon, when I thought there wasn't a hope for me; but I pretend it is something awfully important."

"I would not tell her about it if I were you," Gerard answered. "Women are apt to resent men's confidences with each other about them."

"How tremendously lively Mr. Monckton is this afternoon," Marion remarked to her sister a little later. "He makes me feel so angry that I cannot help being rude to him. Of course, it has all turned out right, but he behaved disgracefully. I always said that the Moncktons were nothing but flirts."

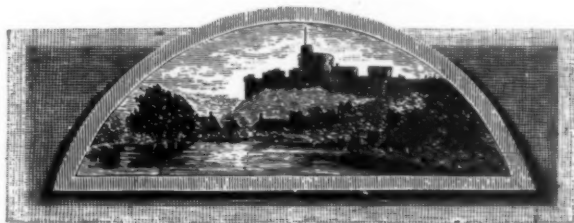
Vera's frame of mind, however, was different. She was a woman quite above the petty sensations of pique. As soon as she found an opportunity for speaking to Gerard out of earshot of the multitude, she gave him her hand warmly, her true eyes looking with a frank friendliness into her face.

"I have not told Bertram of what passed between us here two years ago," she said. They were standing in the same window recess, in the western sunshine. "He knows all the circumstances, of course, but I have not told him that it was you, because I thought it might make a difference in your friendship, and I should be so sorry for that."

"Thank you. You have acted like yourself. It would certainly have made a difference." Then with the laugh that had aroused Marion's contemptuous indignation as she heard it over and over again that afternoon, he added, "How glad you must be to-day, Mrs. Fordyce, that I did not prove constant!"

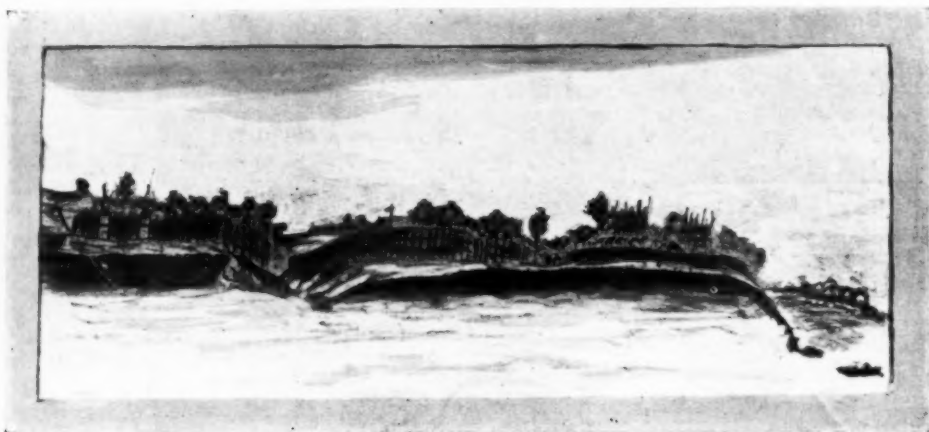
Any other woman perhaps would have thought in what bad taste was the remark, or resented a possible sneer, but Vera's innate nobility corresponded with that which lay beneath the hard crust that Gerard's nature had assumed. She turned upon him a smile radiant as the April sunshine which bathed her joyous face and white-robed form.

"Oh, Gerard," she said, "I am so thankful . . . so thankful that you never really loved me!"



# The Siege of Shanghai

BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT



SHANGHAI AS IT WAS JUNE 3, 1845

*From a Sketch*

SHANGHAI is one of the most important British settlements outside the British Dominions. In 1893 it celebrated the Jubilee of its occupation as a Foreign city. In 1850, a month or two after I first saw the light in the American settlement, it had about 228 foreign residents, British, American, French, besides other Europeans. This number was made up of 148 gentlemen, 33 ladies, and about 50 children. Its population of foreigners must now be about 5000. Even though in 1850 it was a wealthy city, yet it was very different from the magnificent settlement that now runs for more than a mile along the Woosung river. In 1850 the British settlement extended from the Soo-chow Creek to the Yang-kang-pang Canal. It was divided by the former from the American settlement, and by the latter from the French, and extended backwards for about half-a-mile. This space was divided into squares by six roads at right angles to the river and three parallel to it. In the rear of all was the race-course. The Chinese city, enclosed in walls, lay to the west of the French settlement.

It is not, however, so much the city itself, as stirring events which happened in it in the early fifties, that will be most interesting.

In January 1853, the force which formed the Taeping Rebellion, and had risen against the Manchu Dynasty, laid siege to and soon captured Nanking. This success encouraged the rebel chief to proclaim himself Emperor, and emboldened him to advance upon Shanghai, with the object of exterminating the foreign devils. When this news reached Shanghai steps were taken to put it in a state of defence. There were five ships of war in the river, three British, one American, and one French. The command of the forces was in the hands of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Fishbourne. My father, though appointed Consular Chaplain of Shanghai, with the full concurrence of the Church Missionary Society, which had sent him out, had never forgotten his first love, which was mission work among the heathen, and had established a school for Chinese boys. This school-house, being on the outside limit of the Foreign settlement, was occupied by a party of 70 marines and a battery of three guns. A public meeting was held, and all the young men formed themselves into a volunteer corps. The non-fighting Europeans were ordered to pack up a few necessities in readiness, so as to be able to escape to the ships at a moment's notice. Warning was to be given by the ringing of the bell of

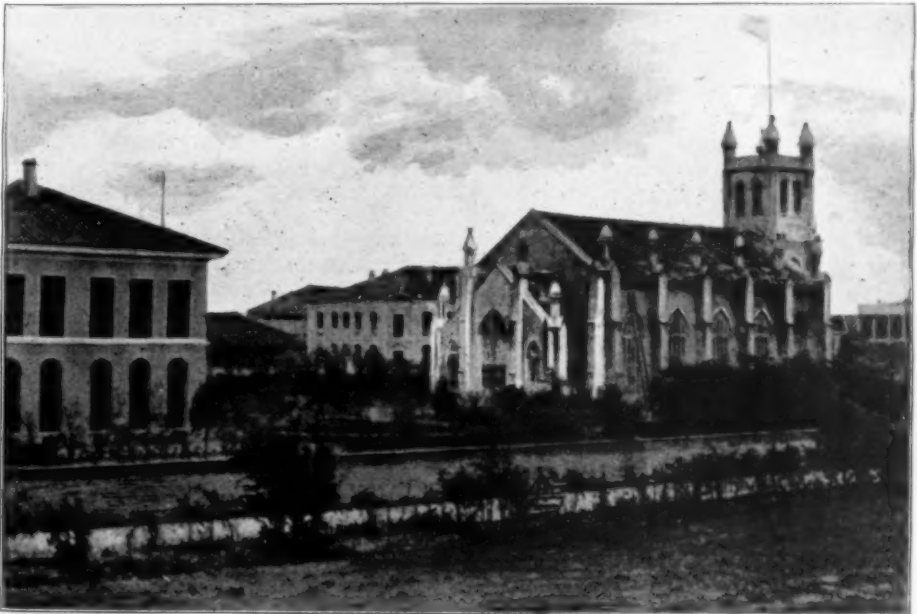
## The Siege of Shanghai

my father's church. If sounded hurriedly it signified danger and was a call to arms; if slowly, it meant that the place could no longer be held, and safety must be sought in the ships. One of my earlier recollections, which refers, however, to a somewhat later period, is going to sleep with bags ready packed under our beds; and the excitement when one night the warning came—a warning which some took to be the latter signal, and which sent them in haste to the ships, but which we, being near the church, knew to be the former.

While Shanghai was being put into as secure a position as possible, an interpreter was sent up to Nanking to ascertain the views of the rebels. He came back with the startling news that the rebels were Christians, and had thousands of followers holding the same religion; that they had the Scriptures among them, and held the doctrine of the Trinity and of the atonement by Jesus Christ; that they were uncompromising iconoclasts, and were opposed to opium smoking. It was reported further, that combined with this there was a great deal of superstition: the leader professed to have had a revelation from heaven, in fact, he even said he had been taken up into heaven, and that he was the younger brother of Jesus

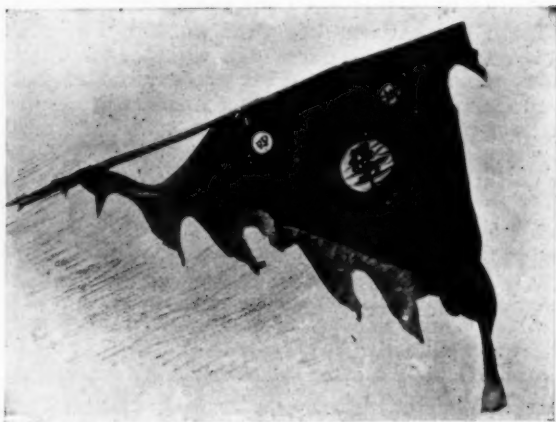
Christ, and had a Divine mission to extirpate idolatry, to set up the worship of Jehovah and Jesus Christ, and to expel the Tartar from China. When the interpreter from Shanghai, who was an Englishman, arrived at the rebel camp he was viewed with great suspicion. But on his repeating the Ten Commandments he was received, and asked if he worshipped God the Father and Jesus. On his replying in the affirmative he was patted on his back and called by the rebels their foreign younger brother. He brought back word that the rebel insurgents were favourable to foreigners because they were Christian brothers, and that they were prepared to trade with them, with the limitation, however, that in the future there must be no trade in opium.

As the rebels did not advance upon Shanghai things quieted down; but in September 1853 a local rebellion of Canton and Fookien insurgents took place, and the Chinese city of Shanghai fell into their hands. On the morning when the news of this event arrived, my father went into the Chinese city, passing the rebel guards, who offered no opposition to his entry. He found that the mandarin's houses were being pillaged, and saw the murdered body of the chief magistrate. The next day he visited the city in



SOUTH VIEW OF THE CHURCH AND CHAPLAINCY, SHANGHAI, 1857

## The Siege of Shanghai



CHINESE FLAG, TAKEN AT THE IMPERIAL CAMP, SHANGHAI

company with Dr. Smith, Bishop of Victoria (Hongkong), but found much more excitement, as a split had taken place in the insurgent ranks. In order to be prepared for any emergency the men-of-war were got ready for action, and a body of soldiers was stationed at the church.

A few weeks after this the Chinese Imperialist troops arrived to try and retake the city, and desultory fighting took place. During service one Sunday the church<sup>1</sup> was struck by a cannon ball, but no damage was done. All these things naturally excited my youthful imagination, and letters home to England state that my talk bore largely upon "cannons and rebels, and flags, and burning houses, and ramparts, and batteries, as though they were ordinary playthings."

During the siege of Shanghai native city by the Imperialist troops, my father entered the city to view the Church Missionary property, and found that the native church had been pierced by no less than seven cannon balls, and was greatly shaken.

About this time a plot was discovered by the rebels amongst their own body to deliver up the native city to the besiegers. The conspirators were seized, and 170 of them were put to death—some by decapitation, others by being thrown into the fire which they had kindled as a signal to the Imperialists.

On April 3, 1854, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Imperialists, who were encamped outside the native walled city of Shanghai, made a sudden attack upon the

<sup>1</sup> Since pulled down, and replaced by Shanghai Cathedral.

Foreign settlement at the riding ground, which was a favourite place for walking and riding. All the foreigners, including two ladies who were out at the time, were struck at with swords and fire-arms, and one gentleman was severely wounded in defending a lady. My father and mother and I would under ordinary circumstances have taken a walk, which would have brought us into the thick of the attack, but most providentially we turned into the churchyard to sow some seeds.

On the first intimation of danger the signal-flag was hoisted on the church tower, and the marines were landed. The whole fighting portion of the community turned

out, armed to the teeth, to drive back the invaders. After some resistance this was done, and the camp was shelled and burnt up.

As it was felt that some strong measure must be taken, H.M.S. *Encounter* went a day or two later against the Imperial fleet of eight heavily-armed junks and three or four English ships which had been purchased by the Chinese. These were boarded and disabled, and a message was sent to the commander of the Imperialist land forces, ordering him to move his troops further away from the Foreign settlement by two o'clock that afternoon. At four o'clock the order had not been complied with, and in consequence the English and American marines and the volunteers of the settlement, numbering altogether about 300, with two or three field-pieces, went forth against 11,000 of the Chinese. Some shells were thrown into the Chinese camp, which caused hundreds to flee, but hundreds still remained. With a hearty British cheer the little band made the attack. A volley from the enemy killed two and wounded ten men. This was a most critical moment, for had our attack failed the whole foreign community would have been at the mercy of the Chinese. However, by God's mercy the brave little force dashed on, and soon the camp was in their hands. They captured, among other trophies, the flag, a photograph of which is here shown. My father had all this time been in the rear with the married men, and when the wounded arrived he spent the rest of the day in ministering to them.

## The Siege of Shanghai

The position was still one of great peril. On one side were the rebels, bloodthirsty and lawless, and on two other sides the Imperialist troops embittered by their losses. To guard against surprise the school-house was garrisoned and defences were erected.

On one occasion a message had to be sent out to the Chinese, and the question arose as to who should take it. It was a somewhat risky undertaking, as possibly the Chinese might not respect the white flag. A distant relative of mine volunteered to take the risk. Keenly and prayerfully was he watched from the church tower as he sped forth on his perilous errand. However, he got through safely, and the Imperialist troops came to their senses, and moved their camp as requested.

Matters went on fairly quietly for some months, but on January 6, 1855, the French, whose settlement, as we have seen, was near the Chinese city, made an attack upon it, bombarding it from their men-of-war. About 8 a.m. they effected a breach in the wall, through which 250 marines entered, and were joined by a number of Imperialist troops. The French were surprised at the vigorous resistance they met with. The rebels killed 3 officers and 9 men, and wounded 40 more. Of the Imperialists they took 400 prisoners. Eventually the French had to retire. No English received any damage, though bullets were flying about the settlement.

Immediately after the retreat of the French my father went down to the neighbourhood of the scene of battle, and found a wounded man lying on the road. He had him placed on a door, and directed four coolies to carry him to the hospital. In order to get out of the reach of the rebel fire as soon as possible he made a short cut through a Chinese court, in which lived some fifty tradesmen. When he arrived at the other side he found the door locked, and by no entreaty nor argument could he persuade the people to open

it, although the man was apparently dying. At last, in despair, he seized an axe and broke the door down, and so got through with his burden.

On Sunday, Feb. 18, news reached the settlement that the Chinese city was on fire. My father ascended the church tower and found this to be the case. He noticed also that the Imperial flag was flying where the Rebel flag had been a few hours before. When the afternoon service at Trinity Church was over he made his way into the city. A terrible sight met his eyes. Many homes were in ruins. Heaps of filth were in the streets. Headless bodies and bodiless heads lay on all sides, while parties of Imperialists prowled about with naked and blood-stained swords in search of rebels. Now and again a cry of frantic joy would be heard as some one was dragged forth from his hiding-place and hurried off to death. Fortunately my father had filled his pockets with small coins, so that he was able to give instant relief to many famishing citizens. This was received with eager gratitude by some, by others with sullen apathy. On the next day he was able to take a bag of rice, and give relief in the Church Missionary Church to hundreds of applicants.

Later on he proceeded to the headquarters of the Imperialists, where the trial and execution of rebels was taking place. Before reaching it hundreds of eager soldiers and peasants were met, some with pieces



THE ENGLISH BUND, SHANGHAI

## The Siege of Shanghai

of human hearts, others with rags dipped in blood dangling at the end of strings. The former were to be eaten in order to inspire the soldiers with courage and hatred of their enemies; the latter were charms against the ghosts of the slain. "But who shall narrate," writes my father, "the horrors of the place of execution? We took just a glance, but that sent us home sick and miserable. We saw literally a field of blood, and hundreds of human heads, and before we could get away two culprits were dragged forth, thrown down and beheaded, amidst the shouts of the brutal bystanders. This was more than enough for one day, and we got home, truly thankful for the blessings of our glorious gospel, which has spread its ameliorating influence both on the battle-field and over the sternest displays of justice. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, but oh, how savage the justice. For several days we administered relief to the citizens, until we had the satisfaction of feeling that starvation was at least banished from the city."

About 1800 of the rebels were killed in the capture of the city by the Imperialists. The sufferings of the besieged must have been terrible before the city was taken. All the food had been consumed, dogs, cats, and horses had all been eaten, and the poor citizens even tried to subsist on boiled leather, bark of trees, and green grass and roots. The loss of life from starvation must have been enormous.

Some of the rebels succeeded in getting into the Foreign settlement; efforts were made to enable them to escape, but most of them were caught and killed. My father sent one who was wounded to the hospital. After receiving aid for some days he imprudently wandered out of the premises, and was immediately arrested and put to death.

Peace followed the taking of the city. My father wrote, "We are now at peace; after eighteen months' warfare we can go to rest without the lullaby of cannon, and without the anxious thought, 'what will happen before the morning?'"

Such were some of the stirring scenes in Shanghai. And I was agreeably reminded of them in visiting the training ship *Cornwall* in 1893. While enjoying the hospitality of Captain Morell, I learnt that he had had charge of one of the landing parties while defending the settlement, occupying the vestry of my father's church as a main guard and the church tower as a look-out house, and I was one of those whom he there defended. So ended the siege of Shanghai. Many years have passed since then. The city has grown in size and wealth, and China has passed through many vicissitudes, but up to the present, by God's good protecting hand, Shanghai has escaped the sword of those who would have perhaps cast upon it envious eyes, and would have pillaged it if they could. What will its future be God only knows.

JOHN P. HOBSON, M.A.



# The Man in the Buffalo Hide

BY LOUIS BECKE

A TRUE STORY OF THE CRUELITIES  
OF LI HUNG CHANG

TWELVE years ago, in a North Queensland town, the present writer was told the story of "The Man in the Buffalo Hide," by Mr. Edward D—. He (D—) was then a prosperous citizen, having made a small fortune by "striking it rich" on the Gilbert and Etheridge Rivers Goldfields. Returning from the arid wastes of the Queensland back country to Sydney, he tired of leading an inactive life, and, hearing that gold had been discovered on one of the Solomon Islands, he took passage thither in a Sydney whaling barque, and though he returned to Australia without discovering gold in the islands, he had kept one of the most interesting logs of a whaling cruise it has ever been my fortune to read. The master of the whale-ship was Captain C—, a man who is well known and highly respected, not only in Sydney (where he now resides), but throughout the East Indies and China, where he had lived for over thirty years. And it was from Captain C—, who was one of the actors in this twice-told tragedy, that D— heard this story of Chinese vengeance. He (D—) related it to me in '88, and being not so handy with a pen as he was with a pick and shovel, I wrote it out for him then and there. Much to his and my disgust, the editor of the little mining journal to whom we sent the MS. considered it a "fairy tale," and cut it down to some one or two hundred words. I mention these apparently unnecessary details merely that the reader may not think that the tale is fiction; for, two years or so after, Captain C— corroborated my friend's story. D— of course related it to me as he heard it from the master of the whaler.

It was after the Taeping Rebellion had been stamped out in blood and fire by Gordon and his "Ever Victorious" army, and the Viceroy (Li Hung Chang) had taken up his quarters in Canton, and was secretly torturing and beheading those prisoners whom he had sworn to the English Government to spare.

C— was in command of a Chinese Government despatch vessel—a side-wheeler—which was immediately under

the Viceroy's orders. She was but lightly armed, but was very fast, as fast went in those days. His ship had been lying in the filthy Canton river for about a week, when one afternoon a mandarin came off with a written order for him to get ready to proceed to sea at daylight on the following morning. Previous experience of his estimable and astute Chinese employers warned him not to ask the fat-faced, almond-eyed mandarin any questions as to the steamer's destination, or the duration of the voyage. He simply said that he would be ready at the appointed time.

At daylight another mandarin named Kwang—one of much higher rank than his visitor of the previous day—came on board. He was attended by thirty of the most ruffianly-looking scoundrels—even for Chinamen—that the captain had ever seen. They were all well-armed, and came off in a large, well-appointed boat, which, the mandarin intimated with a polite smile, was to be towed, if she was too heavy to be hoisted aboard. A couple of hands were put in her, and she was veered astern. Then the anchor was lifted, and the steamer started on her eighty miles trip down the river to the sea, the mandarin informing the captain that he would name the ship's destination as soon as they were clear of the land.

Most of C—'s officers were Europeans—Englishmen or Americans—and one or two of them, who spoke Chinese, attempted to enter into conversation with the thirty braves, and endeavour to learn the object of the steamer's mission. Their inquiries were met either with a mocking jest or downright insult, and presently the mandarin, who hitherto had preserved a smiling and affable demeanour as he sat on the quarter-deck, turned to the captain with a sullen and ferocious aspect, and bade him remind his officers that they had no business to question the servants of the "high and excellent Viceroy."

But though neither C— nor any of his officers could learn aught about this sudden mission, one of their servants, a Chinese lad who was deeply attached to his master, whispered tremblingly to him that the man-

## The Man in the Buffalo Hide

darin and the thirty braves were in quest of one of the Viceroy's most hated enemies—a noted leader of the Taepings who had escaped the bloody hands of Li Hung Chang, and whose retreat had been betrayed to the cruel, merciless Li the previous day.

Once clear of the land the mandarin, with a polite smile and many compliments to C—— on the skilful and expeditious manner in which he had navigated the steamer down the river, requested him to proceed to a certain point on the western side of the island of Formosa.

"When you are within twenty miles of the land, captain," he said suavely, "you will make the steamer stop, and I and my men will leave you in the boat. You must await our return; which may be on the following day, or the day after, or perhaps longer still. But whether I am absent one, or two, or six days, you must keep your ship in the position I indicate as nearly as possible. You must avoid observation from the shore; you must be watchful, diligent, and patient; and, when you see my boat returning, you must make your engines work quickly, and come towards us with all speed. High commendation and a great reward from the serene nobleness of our great Viceroy—who has already condescended to notice your honourable ability and great integrity in your profession—awaits you." Then with another smile and bow he went to his cabin.

As soon as the steamer reached the place indicated by the mandarin, the engines were stopped. The boat, which was towing astern, was hauled alongside, and the thirty truculent "braves," with a Chinese pilot, and the ever-smiling mandarin, got into her and pushed off for the shore. That they were all picked men, who could handle an oar as well as a rifle, was very evident from the manner in which they sent the big boat along towards the blue outline of the distant shore.

For two days C—— and his officers waited and watched, the steamer lying and rolling about upon a long swell, and under a hot and brazen sun. Then, about seven o'clock in the morning, as the sea haze lifted, the look-out on the fore-yard hailed the deck and said the boat was in sight. The steamer's head was at once put towards her under a full head of steam, and in another hour the mandarin and his braves were alongside.

The mandarin clambered up on deck, his always smiling face (which C—— and his officers had come to detest) now darkly exultant.

"You have done well, sir," he said to the captain; "the Viceroy himself, when my own miserable worthlessness abases itself before him, shall know how truly and cleverly you and your officers (who shall be honoured for countless ages in the future) have obeyed the behests which I have had the never-to-be-extinguished honour to convey from him to you. There is a prisoner in the boat—a prisoner who is to be tried before those high and merciful judges, whose heaven-sent authority your valorous commander of the Ever Victorious army has upheld."

C——, being a sailor-man before all else, swallowed the mandarin's compliments for all they were worth, and I can imagine him giving a grumpy nod to the smiling minion of the Viceroy, as he ordered "the prisoner" to be brought on deck, and the boat to be veered astern for towing.

The official interposed oilily. There was no need, he said, to tow the boat to Canton if she could not be hoisted on board, and was likely to impede the steamer's progress. Some of his braves could remain in her, and the insignia of the Viceroy which they wore would ensure both their and the boat's safety—no pirates would touch them.

The captain said that to tow such a heavy boat for such a long distance would certainly delay the steamer's arrival in Canton by at least six or eight hours. The mandarin smiled sweetly, and said that as speed was everything, the most honourable navigator, whom he now had the privilege to address, and who was so soon to be distinguished by his mightiness the Viceroy, could at once let the boat which had conveyed his own worthless self into the sunshine of his (the captain's) presence, go adrift.

At a sign from Kwang, six of his cut-throats clambered down the side into the boat, which was at once cast off, the steamer was sent along under a full head of steam, and the captain was about to ascend the bridge, when the mandarin stayed him, and requested that a meal should be at once prepared in the cabin for the prisoner, who, he said, was somewhat exhausted, for his capture was only effected after he had killed three and wounded half-a-dozen of the braves. So courageous a man, he added

## The Man in the Buffalo Hide

softly, whatever his offence might be, must not be allowed to suffer the pangs of hunger and thirst.

C—— gave the necessary order to the steward with a sensation of pleasure, feeling that he had done the suave and gentle-voiced Kwang an injustice in imagining him to be like most mandarins—utterly indifferent and callous to human suffering. Then he stepped along the deck towards the bridge just as two of the braves lifted the prisoner to his feet, which a third had freed from a thong of hide, bound so tightly around them that it had literally cut into the flesh. His hands were tied in the same manner, and round his neck was an iron collar, with a chain about six feet in length, which was secured at one end to another band around the waist of one of the braves.

As the prisoner stood erect, C—— saw that he was a man of herculean proportions, and over six feet three or four inches in height. His arms and naked chest were cut, bleeding, and bruised, and a bamboo gag was in his mouth; but what at once attracted the captain's attention and quick sympathy was the man's face. So calm, steadfast, and serene were his clear undaunted eyes; so proud, lofty, and contemptuous, and yet so dignified his bearing, as he glanced at his guards when they bade him walk, that the captain, drawing back a little, raised his hand in salute.

In an instant the deep, dark eyes lit up, and the tortured, distorted mouth would have smiled, had it not been for the cruel gag. But twice he bent his head, and his eyes did that which was denied to his lips.

C—— was deeply moved. The man's heroic fortitude, his noble bearing under such physical suffering; the tender, woman-like resignation in the eyes which could yet smile into his, affected him so strongly that he could not help asking one of the braves the prisoner's name.

An insolent, threatening gesture was the only answer. But the prisoner had heard, and bent his head in acknowledgment. When he raised it again and saw that C—— had now taken off his cap, two big tears trickled down his cheeks. In another moment he was hurried along the deck into the cabin, and half-a-dozen braves stood guard at the door to prevent intrusion, whilst the gag was removed, and the victim of the Viceroy's vengeance was urged to eat. Whether he did so or not was never known, for half-an-hour afterwards he was

removed to one of the state-rooms, where he was closely guarded by Kwang's cut-throats.

When he was next seen by C—— and the officers of the steamer, the gag was again in his mouth, but the calm, resolute eyes met theirs as if trying to tell them that the heroic soul within the tortured body knew no fear of suffering or death, and felt and appreciated their sympathy.

On the afternoon of the third day after leaving Formosa, the steamer ploughed her way up the muddy waters of the river, and came to an anchor off the city at a place which was within half-a-mile of the Viceroy's residence. The mandarin requested the captain to fire three guns, and hoist the Chinese flag at both the fore and main peaks.

This signal was, so Kwang condescended to say, to inform his Illustriousness, the Ever-Merciful Viceroy, that he, Kwang, his "crawling dependent," guided by C——'s high intelligence and supreme and honoured skill as a navigator, had achieved the object which his Illustriousness desired.

The captain listened to all this bombast, bowed his acknowledgments, and then suddenly asked the mandarin the prisoner's name.

Again the fat, complacent face darkened, and almost scowled. "No," he replied sullenly, he himself "was not permitted" to know the prisoner's name. His crime? He did not know. When was he to be tried? To-morrow. Then he rose and abruptly requested the captain to ask no more questions. But, he added with a smile, he could promise him that he should at least see the captive again.

In a few minutes a boat came off, and the prisoner, closely guarded, and with his face covered with a piece of cloth, was hurried ashore.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Four days had passed—days of heat so intense that even the Chinese crew of the steamer lay about the decks under the awning, stripped to their waists, and fanning themselves languidly. During this time the captain and his officers, by careful inquiry, had ascertained that the unfortunate prisoner was a brother of one of the Wangs, or Seven Heavenly Kings, who led the Taeping forces, and that for a long time past the Viceroy had made most strenuous efforts to effect his capture, being particularly exasperated with him, not only for his

## The Man in the Buffalo Hide

courage in the field, and the influence he had wielded over the unfortunate Taepings, who were wiped out by Gordon and the "Ever Victorious" army, but also because he refused to accept Li Hung Chang's sworn word to spare his life if he surrendered; for well he knew that a death by torture awaited him. Gordon himself, it was said, revolver in hand, and with tears of rage streaming down his face, had sought to find and shoot the Viceroy for the cruel murder of other leaders who had surrendered to him under the solemn promise of their lives being spared.

Late in the afternoon a messenger came on board with a note to the captain. It was from the mandarin Kwang, and contained but a line—"Follow the bearer, who will guide you to the prisoner in whom you have taken such a benevolent interest."

An hour later, C—— was conducted through a narrow door which was set in a very high wall of great thickness. He found himself in a garden of the greatest beauty and magnificent proportions. Temples and other buildings of the most elaborate and artistic design and construction showed here and there amid a profusion of gloriously foliaged trees and flowering shrubs. No sound broke the silence except the twittering of birds, and not a single person was visible.

The guide, who had not yet uttered a word, now turned and motioned C—— to follow him along a winding path paved with white marble slabs, and bordered with gaily-hued flowers. Suddenly they emerged upon a lovely sward of the brightest green, in the centre of which a fountain played, sending its fine feathery spray high in air.

On one side of the fountain were a number of braves, who stood in a close circle, and as C—— approached, two of them silently stepped out of the cordon, brought their rifles to the salute, and the guide whispered to him to enter.

Within the circle was Kwang, who was seated in his chair of office. He rose, and greeted the captain politely.

"I promised you that you should again see the criminal in whom you and your officers took such a deep interest. I now fulfil that promise, and leave you." And with a malevolent smile he bowed, and disappeared.

The guide touched C——'s arm.

"Look," he said in a whisper.

Within a few inches of a wavering line of spray from the fountain, purposely diverted so as to fall upon the grass, lay what appeared at first sight to be a round bundle tied up in a buffalo hide. A black swarm of flies buzzed and hummed over and around it.

"Draw near and look," said the harsh voice of the officer who commanded the grim, silent guard, as he stepped up to the strange-looking bundle, and waved his fan quickly to and fro over a protuberance in the centre. A black cloud of flies arose, and revealed a sight that will haunt C—— to his dying day—the purple, distorted face of a living man. The eyelids had been cut off, and two dreadful, bloodied, glaring things of horror appealed mutely to God. The victim's knees had been drawn up to his chin, and only the head was visible, for the fresh buffalo hide in which his body had been sewn fitted tightly around his neck. Shuddering with horror, and yet fascinated with the dreadful spectacle, C—— asked the officer how long the prisoner had been tortured.

"Four days," was the reply. The buffalo, the hide of which was to be the prisoner's death-wrap, was in readiness the moment the steamer arrived, and ten minutes after the signal was hoisted the animal was killed, the hide stripped off, and the prisoner sewn up in it, only his head being free. Then he was taken to a heated room, so that the hide should contract quickly. From there he was carried to the fountain, where his eyelids were cut off, and he was laid upon the ground, his mouth just within a few inches of a spray from the fountain.

And then Li Hung the Viceroy came, saw, approved, and smiled, and assigned to Kwang the honoured post of watching his hated enemy die under slow and agonising torture. To attract the flies honeyed water was applied to the prisoner's shaven head and face. And the guards, every now and then, as his thirst increased, offered him brine to drink!

"He is still alive," the brutal-faced officer said genially, as he touched one of the dreadful eyeballs, and the poor tortured creature's lips moved slightly.

Sick with horror, C——, with staggering footsteps, passed through the cordon of guards, and followed his guide from the dreadful spot.



*From a Photograph*

AFTER A SHOWER

## French Invasions of the Isle of Wight



THE Battle of Hastings, to the mind of the average Briton, recalls the only Gallic descent upon his coasts. Yet, long after the Conqueror so successfully effected a landing at Pevensey, the Isle of Wight has some half a dozen times been called upon to repel attacks by the French, and as often has the "invisible isle," as

Drayton calls her, sustained her character, though traces of the invader here and there remain, in history and legend, topographical designation, or even more material mark.

Take Yarmouth for instance. In early Plantagenet days the town at the mouth of the Ere or Yar was the principal port of the island. But, unfortified and far from aid from the garrison of Portsmouth, and facing, across the narrow strait on which it stands, the desolate region of the New Forest, Eremue was particularly liable to the sudden swoop of the enemy. It has never really recovered from the invasion of 1377, when the French burnt it to the ground, while three of the church bells, said to have been carried off in 1545, are to be still seen at Cherbourg, bearing the inscription of "Eremue, I.W.," and the French, it is said, have declined to return them.

Invading the easterly end of the island in 1340, the foe sacked and burnt the town of Woolferton, at the south of Brading harbour, the gallant Sir Theobald Russell of Yaverland, brother of the then Warden of the Wight and an ancestor of the Dukes of Bedford, falling in its defence.<sup>1</sup> A few foundations, hardly discernible in the thicket, are all that remain of the once thriving town that boasted three churches; while a lonely lane, still called the Pilgrim's Lane, recalls the legend of the destruction

of Woolferton, which runs thus: A pedlar of more than dubious character, and redolent of an aroma of brimstone, had long paid the townsfolk of Woolferton unexpected visits and obtained a good deal of influence in their affairs. This gentleman's habitat was supposed to be the Hermit's Hole, a large cave still to be seen in the white face of the Culver Cliff. Exasperated by mischances which he had brought upon them, the people of Woolferton fell by mistake upon a Gray Pilgrim, who in their haste they mistook for their *bête noire*, and stoned him. Some of the holy man's blood dripping into an ancient stone-cased well of Druidical origin fulfilled an old prophecy about the doom of Wulfere's town. Appropriately at that moment the galleys of the French cast anchor in Culver Bay, the soldiers landed, and in spite of the heroic resistance of the Lord of Yaverland, fired the town. The Gray Pilgrim, whom the now remorseful inhabitants had not had time to inter, was incontinently cremated, and now, of course, "walks" the lane which bears his name, and ever since that time the public road has been diverted from the ruins of the ill-fated town, and winds higher up the down.

Barely thirty years later, in 1377, the warning beacon fires blazed again from the thirteen stations of the East Medina and the sixteen stations of the West Medina, where, day and night, watchers stood in readiness on prominent heights, and the lords of the nine military districts of the island called out their bowmen and horsemen to defend it. Taking advantage of the unsettled condition of England under the feeble rule of Richard II, the French landed and captured Newport,<sup>2</sup> devastating and burning it so ruthlessly that it lay for two years afterwards unoccupied. When the parish church of St. Thomas was restored in 1854, traces of fire were found on some of its stones. The defenders took refuge in Carisbrooke Castle, which, says Stowe, Sir Hugh Tyrill "kept manfully." A body of the invaders approaching the castle were decoyed into

<sup>1</sup> Worsley, ii. 31; Stowe.

<sup>2</sup> Stowe, "Oglander's MS. Memoirs"; Worsley, ii. 32; Nicolai Trivetii, "Annales."

## French Invasions of the Isle of Wight

an ambuscade. Their leader was shot from a loophole by an arrow from Sir Peter de Heynos, and his men so completely cut up that the exulting islanders called the place where their foes fell "Noddie's Hill" (now Node Hill) and "Deadman's Lane," a thoroughfare still known by that name.<sup>1</sup> In this invasion of the island the towns of Yarmouth and Francheville were completely destroyed; in fact, the whole island seems to have been temporarily in the occupation of the enemy.

During the wardenship of Edmund Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III, Monstrelet, an old French chronicler,<sup>2</sup> tells us how in 1404 "Waleram, Count de St. Pol, assembled at Abbeville in Ponthieu, about sixteen hundred fighting men, among whom were many men of noble birth, who had largely provided salted meat, biscuit, brandy, and flour, and other things necessary for use at sea. From Abbeville the Count led them to Harfleur, where they found all sorts of vessels ready to receive them. Having abode there some days to perfect their arrangements and commend themselves to St. Nicholas, they embarked on board these vessels and sailed straight for the Isle of Wight. Landing there they assumed a bold face to meet their enemies, of whom, on their landing, they had seen but little; most, or all of them, having retired to their wards and fastnesses. And now the Count made several new knights, namely, Philippe de Harcourt, Jean de Frosseux, Le Seigneur de Guieny, and several others, who went to burn some paltry villages and set on fire some other places. Meanwhile there came to them an astute priest of the country to treat for the ransom and safety of the isle; and he gave the Count to understand that he and his knights would be paid a very considerable sum of money. To this did the Count lend a willing ear, but it was simply a deception on the part of the priest, so that their movements might be interrupted until the strength of the island could be got together. Now of this plot Waleram was at length advised, but too late for him to avenge himself; and, re-embarking his men with all speed, he set sail and returned home without effecting anything more. Then were his lords sore displeased with him, inasmuch as they had invested largely in provision for this expedition, which had thus been utterly overthrown by this solitary priest."

<sup>1</sup> Worsley.

<sup>2</sup> Monstrelet, c. xix.

Stowe<sup>3</sup> gives an account of another abortive landing in 1418: "Towards the latter end of this year a body of Frenchmen landed on the island, and boasted that they would keep their Christmas there; but, as near a thousand of them were driving cattle towards their ships, they were suddenly attacked by the islanders, and obliged to leave, not only all their plunder, but also many of their men behind."

This did not hinder another attempt the following year, when they came again<sup>4</sup> "with a great navie, and sent certayne of their men to demand in the name of King Richard, and of Queen Isabell, a tribute or subserie of the inhabitants; who answered that King Richard was dead, and the Queen, some time his wife, was sent home to his parents, without condition of any tribute; but if the Frenchmen's minde were to fight, they willed them to come up and no man should let [hinder] them for the space of five hours to refresh themselves, but when that time was expired, they should have battayle given to them; which when the Frenchmen heard they went away and did nothing."

The little straggling village of Newtown on one of the winding arms of the estuary of that name between Cowes and Yarmouth, owes its very name to the depredations of the French. Originally known as Francheville, it was a very ancient free town, a borough with a mayor and corporation, from early Plantagenet days, and returning two members to Parliament (among whom were the great Duke of Marlborough, Admiral Sir Thomas Hopson, "Admiral Snip," an island hero, and George Canning) down to the Reform Bill of 1832. The silver mace and corporation seal are now in possession of Sir Barrington Simeon at Swainston. After the aforementioned burning by the French in 1377, Francheville was entirely rebuilt under the name of Newtown, but it was again burnt by the enemy in the reign of Edward IV.

The last invasion of the Wight was in 1545, during the reign of Henry VIII, when a French fleet of nearly two hundred sail, and commanded by d'Annebault, rounded St. Helen's Point one evening in July, and, feeling their way with sounding-lines, took up a position in the Solent extending almost from Brading harbour to Ryde.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Worsley, ii. 33.

<sup>4</sup> Stowe, p. 329.

<sup>5</sup> State Papers, Belcarr, Du Bellay, Hollinshed, Godwin; "Archæologia," ii.; Worsley, ii. 34; Froude, iv. 423-427.

## French Invasions of the Isle of Wight

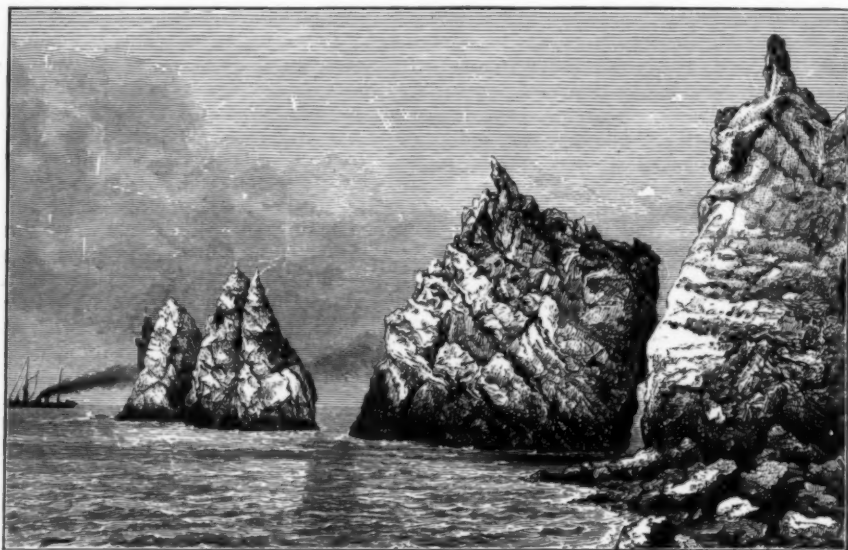
The English fleet under Lord Lisle, afterwards Governor of Calais, lay inside Spit-head, and tried next morning vainly to entice the French under the guns of Portsmouth, whence the king himself watched the feeble engagement which ensued for a few hours, resulting only in the loss of the French treasure-ship *La Maitresse*, and of the *Mary Rose*, one of the finest vessels of the English fleet; which foundered in much the same place and through much the same accident as the *Royal George*, two hundred and fifty years later. The French commander, wishing to taunt the king out of his caution, says Froude, then landed his men on the island in three detachments. One of these captured and destroyed a fort, probably near Sea View, which had annoyed the fleet during the engagement. Another, under de Thais, landed near Brading, and was entangled in the thick coppices, when the ambushed bowmen of the Wight dealt destruction into their number, and compelled them to retire to their ships. The third party, largest in numbers and led by two of the most distinguished commanders, disembarked near Bembridge, where they were at once charged by a body of cavalry. Reinforced from the fleet, the invaders advanced towards the Culver Cliffs, where they became separated and were cut up by the horsemen, who pursued the remnants back to the shore. Here the fleet landed large masses of men to

their assistance, and the defenders had to retire behind the easterly Yar, breaking down the bridge behind them. D'Annebault had brought seven thousand pioneers and tools to entrench himself in the island and hold it as a security for Boulogne. But, for some unknown reason, after three precious days' delay, he weighed anchor and sailed off. He anchored in Shanklin Bay to water, but the men of the Wight, who were watching the movements of the fleet from their downs, caught the watering party under the Chevalier d'Eulx filling their casks in Shanklin Chine, and cut them all up.

After this invasion<sup>1</sup> Henry VIII took care to thoroughly fortify the island and the Solent. At East and West Cowes, Yarmouth, Sandown, and Freshwater, on the Wight, at Hurst, Calshot, and Southsea, on the mainland, he erected his circular towers, of which traces still remain; while the island, under its indefatigable captain, Sir Richard Worsley, formed a train of artillery, each parish providing a gun. These fortifications Edward VI and Elizabeth added to and improved. In later days came Palmerston with his chain of easterly and westerly forts, and now we have hermetically sealed the Solent and rendered the "invincible isle" impregnable.

EDITH E. CUTHELL.

<sup>1</sup> Stowe, p. 589; Rapin, vol. i. p. 841.



THE NEEDLES, ISLE OF WIGHT

## The Awakening of Russia

**I**N the following notes I propose to treat only of those recent developments in internal communication within European Russia which are gradually opening up the country to Western intercourse, and which must speedily result in a notable improvement of the economic condition of the people. Asiatic Russia is a vast subject in itself. In both sections of this gigantic empire enormous strides forward are being made. We will do well to follow the course of events with intelligent eyes.

In the first place, within recent years the Ministry of Ways and Communications has had its attention directed to the improvement of navigation on the great rivers. The Volga, Don, Dnieper, Dniester are great streams, all of them reaching from the sea right into the heart of the country, all of them traversing a country rich in natural produce. Striking progress has been recently made in using these rivers as great arteries of trade. This is notably the case on the Volga and its huge tributaries. Magnificent steamers on the American system now ply on the river from Astrakhan on the delta right to Nijni-Novgorod, the famous fair city. It is difficult to form an adequate conception of the vast trade of this river. In addition to the rapidly increasing passenger traffic, the trade in wood, coals, petroleum, fish, grain is taking immense leaps forward, and more than ever before the produce of the East is

attracted to this wonderful waterway of two thousand miles—cotton from the Khanates of Central Asia, silks and carpets and dried fruits from Persia, the Caucasus, and Samarkand. Within the past five years the tonnage of the cargo boats plying on the Volga has risen twenty-five per cent. Less striking, but equally remarkable, is the rapid advance of the trade on the other



MAP SHOWING THE PROJECTED CANALS

three southern streams. On the Dnieper, not far from the thriving town of Ekaterinoslav, rapids impeded the navigation, but the Government are now considering a project for blowing up the rocks in the bed of the stream and for deepening the channel. When these improvements have been carried through, the Dnieper will be navigable for large craft from the Black Sea to Smolensk, a town more than half-way to the Baltic.

## The Awakening of Russia

This leads me to speak of another gigantic undertaking which the Russian Government have in hand, nothing less than the building of a vast canal from Riga to Khereson, a waterway which will connect the waters of the Baltic with the Black Sea. Some months ago the "Leisure Hour" referred in detail to this project, but as its realisation approaches, it will not be judged superfluous if I again sketch the intentions of its promoters. No engineering difficulties are to be overcome. The river Dwina will be followed from Riga through Dünaburg to near Smolensk. From the head-waters of the Dwina a short canal will be cut to Smolensk on the Dnieper, and from Smolensk the course of the canal will be in the river bed of the Dnieper until it reaches the Black Sea. On the accompanying map the canal has been roughly sketched. The engineers, who have already made the preliminary survey, think that the work need not occupy longer than five years, and that the total cost of the undertaking should not exceed five millions sterling. Increased trade, readier outlets for her incalculable riches of wood and grain, are not the only advantages which Russia hopes to reap from the Baltic-Euxine canal. The strategic advantages are evident. If the Baltic outlets are closed round the north of Denmark, let us say by a hostile German fleet, the Russians would be able to send their warships to the Black Sea, whence they have egress through the Bosphorus. And in the same way, if the Bosphorus be denied them, the Black Sea fleet can steam through the canal to the Baltic. Whether or not these manœuvres will be practicable in time of war remains to be seen; the Government are, however, determined to make the canal broad enough and deep enough for their largest cruisers.

Another projected canal of prime commercial importance is that which will connect the rivers Volga and Don between the towns of Tsaritsyn and Kalatch. A glance at the accompanying map shows that the Don at the latter town approaches to within about fifty miles of the Volga. To connect the two great rivers at these points has been long a favourite project, but its realisation has been reserved for the present Tsar. The engineering difficulties in the way are not great, and it is expected that in two years it will be open for traffic. With the Volga-Don canal open, the riches of the Volga district, which hitherto have

been transported to the south of Russia and to Europe by means of railways, always an expensive method, will have a direct waterway to the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea.

If we leave the rivers and canals we meet with equally striking progress in the development of the shipping trade on the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Sea of Azov, and the Caspian. Within ten years it is safe to say that this trade has more than doubled in volume. Russia does not allow ships sailing under a foreign flag to engage in the coasting trade, and in consequence of this protective measure a large number of shipping companies have sprung into existence, their steamers plying regularly with every port and roadstead in which there is any possibility of trade. In the Black Sea and Sea of Azov this is notably the case. Companies like the Russian Steam Navigation Society have fleets of magnificent vessels, second to none in the world for comfort, manned by efficient crews, and doing their work to the satisfaction of the public. Ten years ago there was only a bi-weekly service from Odessa, the principal trading-place on the Euxine, to the Crimean and Caucasian ports. There is now a daily service, and on some days more than one steamer leaves. On the Caspian the greatest activity is also displayed. Much of this is doubtless owing to the extraordinary development of the petroleum industry, with its headquarters at Baku, but the colonisation of Central Asia, the increasing trade with Persia, the awakening of the Caucasian provinces are all contributing factors to the activity on the Caspian. Several of the Black Sea ports are being rendered more accessible, and in others extensive harbour improvements conducted at great cost, testify to the intelligent control of affairs exercised by the Tsar's advisers at the present time; notably by Prince Khilkoff, the Minister of Ways and Communications. The harbour at Batoum is being deepened, Novorossisk is receiving a new breakwater, and at Theodosia, the Kaffa of the Genoese colonists in the Crimea, new works are in contemplation which will make this port one of the greatest grain emporiums in the south of Russia.

Turning our attention, finally, to recent developments in the railway system of European Russia, we are met with the same evidences of steady progress. In a recent number of the "Leisure Hour" Russian progress in Asia Minor was alluded to, and

## The Awakening of Russia

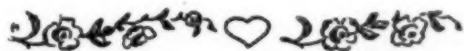
the railway lines roughly sketched upon which Russia deemed it advisable to insist. But these Asia Minor lines were to be in direct communication with the railway system in the Caucasian provinces, were in fact to be prolongations of the Caucasian roads. From the important railway which crosses the Caucasian isthmus south of the mountains Russian engineers are hard at work constructing lines to the Persian and Turkish frontiers. Part of these are already finished (see annexed map), and the remainder are being rapidly pushed forward. Commercially, these lines will open up the fertile Caucasian provinces, where silk, cotton, rice, and tobacco have an assured future. From the military point of view their importance is manifest. In the event of trouble on the Turkish or Persian frontier the whole Caucasian army, numbering over two hundred thousand men, could be hurled in ten days on any given point. Coming nearer home, we find that the new railways, although in a subservient way they are built with an eye to their military value, are constructed more with the object of improving the economic conditions of the people. Take, for example, a whole network of railways which has recently sprung into being in the coal district north of the Sea of Azov. In this region the population has increased two hundred per cent. within ten years, and viewed from a distance the tall chimneys and buildings of the workings, the dense volumes of smoke, the swarming workmen, the busy life, remind one of the huge industrial areas which one sees in the English Black Country or in Westphalia. An important railway is that which has been recently opened for traffic between Tsaritsyn on the Volga and Novorossisk on the Black Sea. Novorossisk enjoys the inestimable advantage of being an ice-free port, so that all through the winter the teeming produce of the Volga valley can be emptied on its quays. Another line, recently completed, is that from Baku, the famous oil city, to Petrovsk on the Caspian, and its continuation to Vladikavkaz, where it meets the main Russian system. This line traverses a rich district, but its main

importance lies in the fact that troops can be speedily sent by its means to Baku, whence their shipment to Turkestan and the Afghan frontier is easy. In addition, this line skirts the eastern boundary of Daghestan, the country of Schamyl, and always a province in which Russia has feared the outbreak of Mohammedan fanaticism. From the stations between Petrovsk and Baku Russian soldiers will be able to subdue any rising that should take place.

A projected line of great interest is that which will run along the eastern coast of the Black Sea from Novorossisk to join the main Caucasian railway. There are considerable engineering difficulties to be overcome here, owing to the numerous streams which rush down from the mountains; besides, malaria is very prevalent on this coast; but the Government have plans for colonising the more healthy districts with Russians from the congested areas of the central provinces, and those who know this region best assert that it has a golden future. The experiments recently made with the tea plant go to prove that tea planting is an industry which can be carried on here with profit, and all sorts of fruits, semi-tropical as well as those from temperate zones, grow luxuriantly. A more easily constructed line will be that which is projected to run from Nijni-Novgorod on the upper Volga to Voronej on the Don. This line will pass through a region which is often visited with famine, and will enable the Government to render speedy assistance in a hitherto almost inaccessible district should famine again appear.

I do not attempt here to do more than sketch some of the symptoms of economic progress which Russia is beginning to display. They are sufficiently noteworthy to merit close attention. The Russian Government seem honestly striving to ameliorate the hard lot of their people. Much, immeasurably much, still remains to be done, but slowly the lot of the people is being lightened, and steadily the benefits of civilisation are finding their way to this people who have so long sat in darkness.

MICHAEL A. MORRISON.



# POSY-RINGS



POSY-RINGS have entirely gone out of fashion, and when we present a ring to a friend it is thought sufficient to go to a jeweller and purchase one from his stock, the value depending upon the weight of metal or the quality of the stones. But jewellery surely should have a unique value, and should be invested with a personal interest which is above its mercenary value. A ring therefore to be *really* valuable should be made for the occasion, and this was felt to be a necessity in the past, and hence it was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries customary to have inscriptions and verses engraved on rings. I was unconsciously designing a posy-ring when I drew for a friend the one used as an initial letter, where a hoop of platinum and a hoop of gold are united by an initial letter, and the inscription taken from Vivien's song, "Not at all or all in all," engraved inside the hoops.

Posy is merely an abbreviated form of poesy, and Sullivan in his "Dictionary of Derivations" is probably right in saying that it originally meant verses presented with a nosegay or bunch of flowers, and that hence the term came to be applied to the flowers themselves. The best definition of the word seems to be Richardson's: "A brief poetical sentiment; hence any brief sentiment, motto or legend, especially one inscribed on a ring." These poetical sentiments often took the form of a line of a

distich in old French, as "*Bell' ame, bell' amy,*" "A fayre soule is a fayre friend," or else it became a kind of shorthand or condensed version of a line, as the inscription on the ring (fig. 1), which is of gold with a double bezel, from which the stones have been lost. The thin hoop ends in serpents' heads, and inside is engraved "*Pensez deli Parkisvici,*" which expanded is "*Pensez de lui par qui je suis ici.*" This is an English ring early in the fifteenth century.



FIG. 1

Another ring of slightly later date is fig. 2, consisting of six rounded projections on the hoop chased in relief, with the words "*Je le de-sir,*" alternating with coronets.



FIG. 2

In the "*Merchant of Venice*" we find Gratiano and Nerissa quarrelling

"About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me, whose posy was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife, *Love me and leave me not.*"

Rings having upon them inscriptions both in Greek and Latin are not of uncommon occurrence, and exhibit some analogy with our own posy-rings.

In Mr. Franks' collection is a beautiful Roman gold ring with the inscription, "*Accipe dulcis multis annis*" (Accept this, dear, for many a year).

Posies on wedding-rings seem in early times to have been also called "*reasons,*" and to have been chosen by the ladies. In the days of Henry VI three daughters of

Sir Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, were married: (1) Margaret to Sir John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. "Hir reason was, 'Till Deithe Depart.'" (2) Ahavour, to Edmund, Duke of Somerset. "Hir reason was, 'Never newe.'" (3) Elizabeth, to Lord Latymer. "Hir reason was, 'Till my lives ende.'"

It appears to have been Lady Cathcart who, on marrying her fourth husband, Hugh Macguire, in 1713, had the well-known lines:

"If I survive  
I will have five,"

engraved on her wedding-ring.

Even George Herbert alludes to posy-rings in the verse:

"Indeed, at first man was a treasure,  
A box of jewels, a shop of rarities,  
A ring whose posy was, 'My pleasure,'  
He was a garden in a paradise."

And Herrick in his "Hesperides" makes more than one mention of posy-rings:

"What posies for our wedding rings,  
What gloves we'll give, and ribbonings!"

From the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries the term posy-ring was as familiar as that of Christmas card with us,

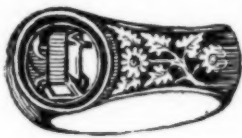


FIG. 3

and Sir Thomas Browne gave that excellent saw, "Magnas virtutes nec minora vitia" (To have great excellences and great faults) as the posy of the

best natures. The rings themselves are often very beautiful in design as well as unique in character, and there is strong presumptive evidence that they were always made expressly for the donor, and therefore with special reference to the recipient. Take the ring fig. 3, which is of massive



FIG. 4

gold, with the bezel deeply chased with the representation of a cradle and a beautiful piece of chasing on the shoulders. The inscription inside is "My wille were." The date is early sixteenth century; or that (fig. 4) a century later inscribed within "Let liking last." These four rings can be seen in the very complete collection at South Kensington Museum. On

a "geminal" or twin ring are four short sentences: (1) Hath tide; (2) thee sure; (3) whilst life; (4) doth last; and inside:

"Accept this gift of honest love,  
Which never could nor can remove."

The rings themselves may be regarded as: (1) Betrothal-rings and love-tokens; (2) wedding-rings; (3) rings given on St. Valentine's Day; and (4) memorial or funeral rings; yet in many instances it is difficult to assign a cause for the inscriptions on them of simple love-tokens. We have "My heart and I until I die," and "My giving this begins my bliss," but in some cases a delicate doubt seems to dwell in the breast of the admirer, which is reflected in the posy. What could be prettier than "Ge vouldroy" of a lover who probably lived some four hundred years ago? How neatly too is the sentiment put in "Yf fortune will, I shall."

Not unfrequently the posy bears some direct reference to the actual ring, as it does in:

"Neither wayghte, nor fashion, but fortune."

"The gift is small, the love is all."

The sentiment on another ring, "'Twas God to thee directed me," has been expressed in a slightly different way by a modern poet in the verse:

"Love took you by the hand  
At eve, and bade you stand  
At edge of the woodland,  
Where I should pass.

Love sent me thither, sweet,  
And brought me to your feet;  
He willed that we should meet,  
And so it was."

The posies on wedding-rings though differing in wording bear a general likeness, and such an one as "God alone of two makes one" is typical of a large number:

"Remember Him who dyed for thee,  
And after Him remember me,"

is representative of another series.

Those who wrote posies desired to display their wit as well as wisdom, as in the inscriptions:

"Knotts of love are knit above,"

"Let liking last,"

"I like, I love, I live content,"

and

"I made my choia not to repent."

## Posy-rings

The philosophic mind expresses itself in :

"Ryches be unstable and beauty will dekey,  
But faithful love will ever last till death dryve  
it away."

In "Your loving frend till deth us end" we see that the French custom of husband and wife addressing each other as "Mon ami" once prevailed in England.

Some of the Latin posies are good, as :

"Amorem pro amore cupio."  
(I desire love for love.)

"Sis eadem in utraque fortuna."  
(Be the same in good or bad fortune.)

"Qui dedit se dedit."  
(He who has given has given himself.)

And on an old serjeant's ring of 1485 is the inscription "*Suæ quisque fortunæ faber*," (Each man is the architect of his own fortune).

Pepys records that Mrs. Pierce's little girl was his valentine one year, and he was not sorry for it, as it eased him of something less than he must have given to others. "But here," he says, "I do observe the fashion of drawing mottos as well as names. What mine was I have forgot, but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair!'"

Memorial-rings were in old times frequently given away at funerals as well as bequeathed by will. Speaker Lenthall

directed by will that "*Oritur non moritur*" should be inscribed on fifty gold rings, to be given away in his family at his death; and Sir Henry Wotton left in 1637 to each of the fellows of Eton College a ring with this motto, "*Amor vincit Omnia*."

Izaak Walton, in a codicil to his will in 1683, fixed both the value of his memorial-rings and the legend they were to bear. The value was to be 13s. 4d., and on those given to his family the words or mottoes were to be "Love my memory, I. W. obiit"; and on one for the Bishop of Winchester "A mite for a million"; and on those for other friends, "A friend's farewell, I. W. obiit." In all he bequeathed about forty rings.

Memorial-rings of various kings and queens of England are to be seen in most collections. The most interesting are those commemorating the death of Charles I., some of which are so contrived as to hide his portrait within from public view. The motto is often, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*" or "*Gloria Angliæ emigravit*." The ring given by the king to Bishop Juxon on the day of his execution, and now in the South Kensington, has the legend "Behold the ende" on the front of the bezel, and around the edge of it "Rather death than fals fayth."

One of the most touching of the inscriptions on the memorial-rings in the same collection is "Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here."

FRED MILLER.



## Volunteers from Mutineers

DESCENDANTS OF THE MUTINEERS OF THE *BOUNTY* VOLUNTEER FOR THE WAR

BY WALTER JEFFERY

YOUNG, Buffett, Quintal. These are the names of some of the volunteers for the New South Wales Bushmen's War Contingent, and these men paid their own passage money and travelled eight hundred miles by sea from Norfolk Island to Sydney that they might fight for England!

Four generations of Englishmen have read the story of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, and the names of the first colonisers of Pitcairn Island are familiar in the ears of most. And now, a hundred and eleven years from the time when Christian steered his ship deliberately ashore on that island,

"Where over the reef the surge rolls free,  
Like a circlet of pearls round an emerald stone."

the great-grandchildren of his comrades, Young and Quintal, volunteer to fight under the flag their forebears deserted.

The Premier of Canada (Sir Wilfred Laurier), when speaking on the patriotism of the colonies, said that, "should the Empire ever be in danger, it would only be necessary to let the bugles sound and the fires be lit on the hills, and then, in all parts of the colonies, though we might not be able to do much, whatever we could do would be done."



NORFOLK ISLANDERS WHO VOLUNTEERED FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA

Back Row (reading from left to right)—E. ROBINSON, J. BUFFETT, E. BUFFETT

Front Row (reading from left to right)—T. E. QUINTAL, R. YOUNG

## Volunteers from Mutineers

And little Norfolk Island answers to the call, sending from her population of less than a thousand five of her sons, fine stalwart fellows, not "cook's sons or duke's sons," but men whose names and story figure in our history more largely and quite as honourably as many Englishmen of high or low degree.

Of the five young men whose portraits appear in the group, two of them (R. Young and T. E. Quintal) are direct descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers; the young Buffetts are descendants of one of the first settlers on Pitcairn, and Robinson is the son of a respected resident on Norfolk Island.

It will be remembered that Fletcher Christian, a master's mate on the *Bounty*, led the mutiny; that on that fateful morning of April 28, 1789, when Bligh was rudely awakened from his sleep to be cast adrift and begin in an open boat the greatest boat voyage in history, "Mr. Midshipman Young, well educated and well recommended," as Bligh said to him, though he took no actual part in the mutiny, chose to remain with Christian and landed with him at Pitcairn. Matthew Quintal, A.B., who had been flogged by Bligh, was more active, and during the outbreak was one of Christian's chief assistants.

When the ship was beached at Pitcairn in November 1789, nine of the original crew of the vessel landed; these were Christian, Young, Mills, Martin, Brown, M'Kay or M'Coy, Williams, Quintal, and Smith, alias Adams. This party was accompanied by men and women from the island of Tahiti. The mutineers mated with certain of the female Tahitians, and descendants from most of them now form the principal inhabitants of Pitcairn and of Norfolk Island.

Smith, or Adams, as he called himself, when Pitcairn was re-discovered in 1808, was the only Englishman then alive, and Young was the only one of his comrades who died a natural death. But there were plenty of descendants of the first generation, even then, to perpetuate the names of the mutineers.

When H.M. ships *Briton* and *Tagus* visited the island in 1814, and a young half-caste paddled off to the men-of-war in a canoe, astonishing the naval officers by crying, in good English, "Won't you heave us a rope now," he replied to a shower of queries, "I am Thursday October Christian, son of the mutineer by a Tahitian mother, and the first born on

this island, age twenty-four." Christian was accompanied by George Young, eighteen years of age, eldest son of the late midshipman, and a family of young Quintals helped to welcome the naval officers when they landed.

Then, in 1823, the ship *Cyprus* of London, called at Pitcairn, and two of her seamen were allowed to land—John Buffett and John Evans—the former officiating, until the arrival of Mr. Nobbs, five years later, as schoolmaster, and marrying Dolly Young, grand-daughter of the mutineer.

In 1856 the Pitcairners emigrated to Norfolk Island, the British Government having done away with the penal settlement there in order to make room for them. The emigrants numbered one hundred and ninety-four, but many of them soon begin to pine for their old home, and after adventures too often related to bear re-telling, about thirty persons altogether returned to Pitcairn, and their descendants now form the population of that island. If facilities of travel were as readily available, the Pitcairners, it may be depended, would have been found shoulder to shoulder with their kindred from Norfolk Island.

Mr. Alexander Robinson, an officer from the Sydney establishment, assisted in the transfer to Norfolk Island, and that gentleman's descendant is shown in the group of volunteers.

Naturally the reader expects to have traced for him the exact line of this generation of Youngs, Quintals, and Buffetts. To this I can only answer that they are great-grandchildren of the originals, and that some years ago, in company with one learned in the law, I visited Norfolk Island, and with the united efforts of the best families and of their visitors, spent many hours trying to construct a genealogical tree, and failed—the intermarrying and similarity of names was too much for us.

This I know: the young men in the picture are a hardy and brave set of fellows, that some Buffetts have in recent years been drowned pearling in the South Seas, that Quintals and Buffetts and Youngs now gain an honourable livelihood by whaling in boats off their island, and that in a boat accident forty years ago Frederick Young, father of the Young in the picture, nearly lost his life in a splendid and successful attempt to save the life of a British sailor.

## Teachers' Anecdotes<sup>1</sup>

**The Gender of Egg.**—The Head-master at the school where I am teaching examines the classes every month. At the last examination of my class the following conversation occurred between him and a boy named Jenkins. Head-master: "Jenkins, what part in grammar is the word egg?" Jenkins (sharp): "Noun, sir." Master: "What is its gender?" Jenkins (looking confused): "I don't know, sir." Master (getting excited): "Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter, dunderhead?" Jenkins (brightening): "I can't say, sir, till it's hatched, sir!"

JAMES LAINSON.

**Moses' Rod.**—At a certain school at L—, a short time ago, a teacher in a Scripture lesson asked, "Now, children, what happened when Moses held his rod over the Red Sea?" It fell to the lot of a roguish-looking youngster to answer without any hesitation, "Please, sir, he caught a fish."—E. J. COOKE.

**A New Definition.**—Through inattention a boy or girl in class often misses the point of some particular statement, and if suddenly called upon usually gives a very "wide" reply. I recollect on one occasion drawing the children's attention to the use of the hyphen in the structure of compound words, and together we constructed several such words, which were written on the black-board. By and by these were cleaned off, with one exception, and in the course of our reading-lesson we again encountered a compound word and its connecting symbol. "What is a hyphen, Willie?" I asked a youngster who was never very attentive. "Please, sir, a hyphen is a hay-stack!" replied Master William, glancing at the word on the board.—ERICA VAGANS.

**Gross Darkness.**—In the country it often happens that the Sunday services are taken by lay preachers. The parents of our school-children are numbered amongst these willing helpers. One, an ordinary working man, was on a certain Sunday officiating in the country, and in his service gave the following ingenious explanation of "gross darkness": "You know, friends, what is meant by gross darkness. A gross is twelve dozen, or one hundred and forty-four. So gross darkness means a hundred and forty-four times darker than dark!"

ERICA VAGANS.

**Desiccated Tooth.**—A small girl of seven, evidently suffering from toothache, was asked by her teacher if she had a bad tooth. Her reply was, "Please, ma'am, mother says it's a desiccated (decayed) tooth!"

LOUISE S. WINYARD.

**A Lesson on the Potato.**—Not many days ago I was giving a lesson on the potato to a class of little ones about five years old. I was teaching them about the "eye," and was trying to elicit from them what would come out from the eye when planted. One child thought a minute, and then with a bright delighted look popped up his hand, and in a very confident manner said, "The eyelash, teacher!"

MARGARET L. BURROWS.

**Was it Irish?**—In a certain school, a word-building and English lesson was proceeding. The teacher had asked the boys for the derivation of certain words on the board. At last he came to the word "patriarchal." "Now, Smith," said he, "what language is this word derived from?" Smith didn't know, but the next boy whispered to him, and he said, "Irish." "Nonsense," said the teacher, "what makes you think that?" Again came a whisper, and then Smith's answer, "Please, sir, because it begins with 'Pat.'"—E. J. COOKE.

**Pathetic.**—Some short time ago I was a junior master in a Northern Boarding School. One of the little boys was subject to fits of melancholy, which were always the blacker in appearance because usually he was so merry and buoyant. One day he was kept from play for some misbehaviour. On looking at his slate I found the poor little fellow had scrawled, "O dere, I was maid for truble."—JUMBO.

**Waiting for the Present.**—Some time ago we were rather in difficulty as to how to seat Standard III., as the desks apportioned to that class were barely sufficient even after putting eight instead of seven on each row. Hence one boy was told to sit down on a "form" which had been placed in front of the class—"Sit down for the present." The lad of course did so, and at noon remained seated. His teacher thought he had been told to "stay in," and went as usual with his fellow-teachers into a class-room for a chat. On returning through the school-room, to his amazement he received this reply to his query as to what the boy was staying there for. "Please, sir, you told me to sit down here for the present, and I'm waiting for the present, sir."—JUMBO.

**"Birds of a Feather."**—A new scholar was once taken aside, and told by one of the elder girls that she must be sure to learn her text for Sabbath school. "Why?" said the girl. "I'm not going to bother." "Oh, but," said the other, "if you don't be a good girl, and learn your texts, you will not go to heaven when you die." "Well, I'm not going to die just now. But

<sup>1</sup> "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod. See "L. H." 1900, pp. 664 and 840.

## Teachers' Anecdotes

where will I go if I don't get there." "Oh! just where all the bad people go—folks that drink and swear, tell lies, and steal." "Well," said the other, with a short laugh, "I'm no carin', I ken mair o' that kind o' folk ony way."

C. GARRY.

**A Lesson in Maps.**—The boys were one day learning how to draw and paint maps, of course painting the sea blue. I looked at one boy's map. "What a pity," I remarked, "that you have let the blue paint go over that island." "Oh," said Tom, smiling up at me, "that is the tide coming in."—HANNAH CLAYTON JACK.

**A School-boy View of Alfred the Great.**—A class of boys had been learning about Alfred the Great, his character and the various

improvements he had made in the condition of the people. "Tell me," I said to one bright but lazy boy, "something about the character of Alfred the Great." "He was a great nuisance," was the reply; "fancy one man giving us the trouble of remembering all those improvements."—HANNAH C. JACK.

**Personalities.**—Boys are not particular very often about making personal remarks. I overheard the following conversation between two of my scholars: "Eh," exclaimed the boy in the Norfolk suit and buttoned boots, "your trousers are too big for you, you've had your father's cut down." "I have not," was the angry retort; "anyway, I don't wear my little sister's boots made large for me."—HANNAH C. JACK.



## The Falling Star

THE still air holds the Dryads wrapt in dreams,

Moves not a leaf beneath the silvery beams,

While now and then methinks an owlet screams;

Across the ever silent skies

A bright star flashes,

A bright star flashes, burns and dies.

The trains still rumble through the autumn night,

Like sorrows ceaseless, which are out of sight;

The mighty city lies in glow of light;

Across the vast and tranquil skies

A bright star flashes,

A bright star flashes, burns and dies.

For but a moment shines the beauteous thing;

It seems the glint of some bright spirit's wing,

Sent to this earth a benison to bring;

Across the spacious realms on high

A bright star flashes,

A bright star flashes but to die.

There reigns a silence in my darkened room,  
Sweet thoughts are chasing all the gathered gloom,

And fill my soul with delicate perfume;

While swift across the realms on high

A bright star flashes,

A bright star flashes but to die.

And so 'tis ever in the land of dreams.

More beauteous than the rest one fancy gleams

Swift as a sigh to pass—and die, it seems.

Across our night-land's tranquil skies

The bright star flashes,

The bright star flashes, burns—and dies.

Yet like the scent of roses left behind,

When days are wintry and the winds unkind,

The memory of the falling star we find;

Across our thought-land's tranquil skies

The bright star flashes,

The bright star flashes, blessing ere it dies.

L. A. C.



## *From Our Own Correspondents*

### **The Australian Commonwealth**

FEDERAL matters in Australia, so far as the preliminary stages are concerned, have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The only State that had not voted on the question of Union was that of West Australia, a colony with an enormous area comprising practically the whole of the western half of the continent.

It would be difficult to describe the anxiety with which the result of the poll was awaited by all ardent Federalists in the eastern colonies, for it was felt that Federation without West Australia would be but half accomplished, and it was earnestly hoped that her people would join and so make the whole continent one.

The final returns of the voting give a majority of 25,000 in favour of Union, to the great gratification of all who desired to see the six States commence their national life together.

The selection of Lord Hopetoun as our first Governor-General has done much to increase that satisfaction. It would be safe to say that no public man from home so endeared himself to the people as Lord Hopetoun did, during his term as Governor of Victoria. When he takes office as her Majesty's representative over the whole of our continent, it is anticipated that the same courtesy and tact which he displayed in the past will be shown in getting the infant nation's affairs into going order, and though his task will be a difficult one for some time, all who know him are assured that he will be more than equal to it.

Our delegates also have returned from London after having successfully accomplished their mission—the passing of the Commonwealth Bill by the Imperial Legislature,—and it is believed that the senior member of the delegation, Mr. Barton, Q.C., of Sydney, will be called by the Governor-General to take office as Australia's first Prime Minister.

Her Majesty has added a gracious touch of sentiment to these final proceedings by presenting the table upon which the Royal assent to the Bill was given, to the Australian people, together with the pen and inkstand used by her on the historic occasion. These are to be preserved in the Federal Houses of Parliament for all time, and will serve to remind future generations of the work of their fathers.—A. J. W.

### **The Tsar's Children**

A ST. PETERSBURG magazine publishes some charming particulars about the Tsar's three little daughters—Olga, Tatyana, and Marie. Almost all day long they are at play, and hardly a restriction is placed upon them. They have no costly toys, except those wonderful dolls which their grandmother, Queen Victoria, presented to them, and which are only allowed out of their cases on very special occasions. Ordinary hoops and balls are their delight, and flowers. It is surprising what Olga can do with flowers in the way of decorating their nursery. Every day they have frequent visits from their parents, and occasionally it is permitted them to visit the Tsar in his Cabinet. They call him "Papinka." The physical training of the little Grand Duchesses is modelled on the English system. There is no coddling; they are trained to be hardy, and to bear heat and cold alike. Summer and winter alike they wear simple white dresses in the house, with short sleeves. They wear socks, not stockings. Their rooms in winter are never more than 63° F., frequently the temperature is allowed to sink to 50°. The eldest child, Olga, shows talent for music and languages, and can converse fluently in English and French as well as in Russian. They may be seen almost daily in the park at Tsarkoye Selo, either walking with their English nurses, or riding on trained donkeys in the charge of English grooms.—M. A. M.

## Over-Sea Notes

### Stagnation in the German Colonies

GERMAN colonial enterprise, although the world hears a good deal about it, has not been very successful hitherto. This is notably the case with regard to German possessions in Africa. In the huge territory known as German East Africa, with an area of nearly 400,000 square miles, everything seems to show that the development of the country is at a standstill. The European population steadily recedes until it now reaches only 1078. Of these 821 were Germans, including 113 women and 55 children. The great majority of the male population consists of officials, soldiers of the garrison, and missionaries. The insignificant number of 163 planters, merchants, and traders shows a decided tendency to grow still smaller. Trade in German East Africa, notwithstanding the fostering care of the Government, is not flourishing, and the sums which Government spend to galvanise the colony into life increase year by year. To a considerable extent the same may be said of German South-West Africa, a territory which extends along the coast for almost 930 miles, and where the European population is only 1800, of whom nearly 800 are soldiers, and about 400 are officials. In South-West Africa there is hardly any agriculture, and it seems impossible to turn the land to anything but to pastoral uses. Copper and gold have been found, but although the German press raised jubilant cries over this discovery, it is now evident that the expense of working these metals has hitherto rendered the discovery almost useless.—M. A. M.

### University Education for Women in Germany

IN Germany the question of an academical education for women begins to assume more and more importance. Almost all the great universities of the Fatherland have already taken up a position on this most vital question. It is interesting to note the variety of their attitudes. In only one of the German States, Baden, has the position been taken up that women, whose scholarship is equal to that of men, are entitled to similar academical privileges with men. The two Baden universities, Freiburg and Heidelberg, not only permit women to become *hospitantes* or hearers of lectures, but allow them also to matriculate provided they are supplied with the diploma

of a State gymnasium or high school. The only restriction that still exists is imposed on women students who may desire to join the medical and law schools of Heidelberg. In sharp contrast to the Baden universities is the Thuringian University of Jena, at present the only university in Germany whose doors are absolutely closed to women students. But even in Jena the beginning of a more liberal policy is noticeable, for the philosophical faculty now permit women to be examined for their doctor's degree provided they can stand the tests applied to men.

In all other German universities women are permitted, with more or less restrictions, to attend lectures on the condition that the lecturer has no objection to their presence in his lecture-room. In Prussian universities such women hearers are treated much as men in their position are treated. It is left to individual professors or lecturers in most cases to raise objections. In Berlin, where it rarely happens that any objection is made, there is a rule which obliges a female student to produce a certificate from a Government school proving that she has obtained a certain degree of proficiency. For students from foreign countries the conditions are somewhat easier, but in no case can a female student enter the lecture-halls of Berlin University unless she is able to show first, that she is an educated person; secondly, that she is of good moral character. In the universities of Erlangen, Munich, Würzburg, Tübingen, and Leipzig a certificate from the Minister of Education is demanded from intending hearers of lectures, and this certificate can only be obtained through the mediation of the senate of the university. In Mecklenburg the Government have taken up the ground that universities are exclusively for the higher education of men, but exceptions are made in the case of women who can show that they have an exceptional interest in some particular line of study, or intend to devote themselves to a professional career.

The majority of women attending lectures in German universities seem to be engaged in the study of modern languages and literature. There is also a considerable number interested in classical antiquities, in æsthetics, and in science, and in one North German university at the present time are two ladies taking a theological course—they are from the United States. The total number of women attending lectures in German universities cannot fall far short of 1500.—M. A. M.

### German Trade in Italy

THE activity of German merchants in all branches and all places, with the rapid increase in German trade, is emphasised in all English consular reports and discussed in commercial circles. If the Englishman does not wish to get left behind in the commercial race he must show more enterprise and also exert a little more imagination than heretofore. In Italy alone the amount of German capital invested, the number of German merchants who carry on large businesses, pass all belief. Trade reports ending with December 1899 tend to prove that the Germans have taken possession of one-half of the traffic of the principal Italian seaports. "At Genoa the business in grain and wine is almost entirely in their hands, and they are making progress in cotton and artificial fertilisers. The navigation society 'La Veloce,' while apparently in Italian hands, is managed by Germans. They have taken advantage of the industrial protection inaugurated by Italy in 1878, and reinforced in 1887. Their capital is invested in factories for cotton spinning, for velvet weaving, for the manufacture of carburet of calcium, and of late for sugar making. The electric trams at Genoa, Florence, Bologna, Alexandria, Perugia, Cuneo, and so forth, as well as the lines about to be opened between Bordighera and San Remo, between Lecco and Chiavenna, and between Oneglia and Porto Maurizio, are owned by four or five very powerful firms, Siemens and Hasko, Schuckert and Ganz, and the Nuremberg Electricitäts-Gesellschaft, and the Continentale Gesellschaft. The Norddeutscher Lloyd, the Hamburg American, and the Kosmos lines call at Italian ports. The perforation of the Simplon from the Italian side is undertaken by the German firm of Brandt, Brauman and Co., while Major Donath has a project now before the Italian Government to dry up the marshes of the Roman Campagna. These undertakings find support in the powerful banks, branches of which are found everywhere. These are important factors in the industrial expansion of Germany."—H. Z.

### The Drift of American Philanthropy

A SURE indication of the direction which philanthropy is taking in the United States is obtained from statistics of public benefactions for the year 1899 compiled for the annual issue of Appleton's Encyclopædia. Included in the statistics is every

gift of \$3000 or more. The total for the year amounted to \$63,000,000. One of the most remarkable facts in connection with these gifts was that two-thirds of the total sum was from people who are still alive. Of recent years there has been a growing tendency among wealthy men in the United States thus to bestow their benevolence. Several advantages accrue from this mode of philanthropy. Institutions which are in immediate need of funds are promptly benefited. Men with philanthropic aims are able to see that the money they give is well employed; litigation over wills, much more common in the United States than in England, is avoided; and, moreover, no legacy taxes have to be paid. Out of the \$63,000,000 bestowed in 1899, universities, colleges, and schools received \$31,469,000; hospitals and asylums, \$7,095,000; religious organisations, \$4,661,500; public libraries, \$1,599,000; while \$799,350 was contributed for art collections and public monuments. Of the \$1,599,000 contributed to public libraries, \$1,130,000 was from Mr. Carnegie, who in 1899 established or helped to establish new libraries in thirteen different States.

In England men give largely of their time to public service—to Parliamentary work, and to all departments of local government. In the United States, except as regards school boards, men give little or no time to public service. Almost every man in the public service is paid from the treasuries of the Federal Government, the State, or the municipalities. Men of wealth are seldom in these services, which are manned almost exclusively by men to whom the salaries are a matter of first consideration. This is so much so, that wealthy and public-spirited men would be at a disadvantage were they to seek election or appointment to these places, as the prevailing popular idea is that the offices should go to men who need the money. But while wealthy men are thus excluded from many departments of public work easily and pleasantly open to them in England, the list of benevolent gifts for 1899 shows that wealthy men in the United States do not ignore calls upon them, and take their part in public work to which the avenues of approach are open. The sum contributed in 1899 was forty per cent. more than in any year for which the data have been systematically collected. It may be expected that it will be larger again in 1900; for in the unexampled prosperity of 1899 and 1900 thousands of new fortunes were made, and many already colossal fortunes were largely augmented.—E. P.

## Over-Sea Notes

### Library Expenditures in American Cities

IN England the amount of money a municipality may expend on its public libraries is limited by Act of Parliament to one penny in the pound on the rateable value of the property in the municipal area. In the United States, where each of the forty-five States has a municipal code of its own, there is no uniform limit, and usually each city council makes what grant it deems best to its libraries. What the American cities in the second class are spending on new books in 1900 is shown in a statement recently published by the city librarian of Providence, Rhode Island. Providence, with a population of 132,000, was spending \$3,633; Worcester, Massachusetts, with 85,000, \$10,692; Newark, New Jersey, with 181,000, \$7,339; Jersey City, New Jersey, with 163,000, \$5,283; Hartford, Connecticut, with 75,000, \$5,950; Springfield, Massachusetts, with 44,000, \$5,330; Allegheny, Pennsylvania, with 105,000, \$4,800; Cambridge, Massachusetts, with 70,000, \$4,766; Minneapolis, Minnesota, with 50,000, \$4,600; Los Angeles, California, with 50,000, \$4,155; and Fall River, Massachusetts, with 75,000, \$4,000.

When libraries are built in American cities the whole of the outlay seldom comes out of the city funds. Large gifts from individuals are always forthcoming, a circumstance which accounts for the splendid library buildings to be found in nearly every town with a population over 40,000. In very few instances is the connection between the municipality and the library as close as it is in England, where the library is usually under the control of a committee of the town council, and the library staff are directly in the pay of the municipality. In the United States libraries are usually managed by trustees, who are not of the municipal councils; and when a new library is erected, the trustees often raise a building fund among themselves and their friends, the gifts being made subject to the condition that if a building fund is provided the city council shall pledge itself to an annual appropriation to defray management

expenses and expenditures on new books. The figures which have been quoted represent in every case only the amounts spent on new books, and not the total contributions from the city treasury for the management and maintenance of the libraries.—E. P.

### The Shah at Home

DR. FEUVRIER, an eminent French traveller, publishes some interesting facts about the Shah's private life. The Shah's palace in Teheran, it seems, is called the "Ark." You reach it through huge doors, and if one is fortunate enough to reach the Ark either at sunrise or sunset, one sees groups of musicians and dancing women greeting with song and dance these natural phenomena—probably a remnant of the old fire-worship of Persia. The centre of the Ark is occupied with a square garden, through which runlets of water are led in blue *faience* under the pleasant shade of large plane trees and amidst countless rose-bushes. A number of servants are kept for the exclusive purpose of removing dead leaves from the rose-trees. Around the Ark are built a number of other palaces: "The House of the Sun," made of glass and mirrors, the orangery, the bird-house, the workshop of the diamond-cutters, the Museum, etc. In the Museum there is an extraordinary mixture of the most costly works of oriental art, and rubbish picked up in cheap European shops. Beside a portrait of Napoleon III. stands the Peacock Throne, made of gold and gems, a large diamond representing the sun. The Shah works all morning. Between eleven and twelve o'clock he has breakfast, and after this meal his first dragoman reads and explains to his master the latest French comic papers. After enjoying a pipe alone, the Shah has in his chamberlains, who entertain him with funny stories and anecdotes until about four o'clock. It is at this hour that the Shah retires to his harem. When the sun is hot in Teheran, he leaves for the mountains, where he and his court live in tents, the Shah's crimson tent being pitched in the centre of a group of snow-white ones. A district is usually selected rich in grass and game.—M. A. M.





# Science and Discovery

ERNEST NOBLE 1900



BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## Dredging for Gold

THE old method of obtaining gold from auriferous river gravels consisted in diverting part of the river and working the part of the bed thus exposed. In recent years a new method has been adopted, which consists in extracting the gravels from the beds of rivers by dredges. Mr. Bennett Brough has described some of the results obtained, in a recent lecture before the Society of Arts. The practice of dredging for gold originated and has been brought to perfection in the province of Otago, New Zealand, and is coming into increasing use in Canada, California, Columbia, and elsewhere. It represents an important advance in the working of alluvial deposits, and is so cheap a method that ground containing only a grain or a grain and a half of gold per cubic yard can now be worked at a profit. One of the latest types of gold dredge is shown at work in the accompanying illustration excavating gold-bearing gravel from a depth of forty-five feet below the surface of the water, and stacking it twenty-four feet above.



DREDGE AT WORK EXCAVATING GOLD-BEARING GRAVEL AND STACKING IT

## The Air of Rooms

MR. FRANCIS JONES has made a detailed examination of the effects produced on the air of rooms by the use of gas, coal, and electric light, for heating and lighting purposes. As the experiments were made with great care, and every precaution was taken to study the conditions which are met with in ordinary life, the results are of wide importance. In an ordinary room, the best air always occurs near the floor, it is a little less pure a few feet from the floor, and is most impure at the ceiling. This arrangement of pure and impure air holds good however the room may be lighted or heated. But samples of air taken from the same position in a room vary in purity according to the system

of lighting or heating adopted. The purest air was obtained when a coal fire was used for heating and electric light for lighting; a gas fire with electric light was not quite so good, but they were better than a coal fire and gas light, and these in turn were found to pollute the air less than by using a gas fire and gas light. The worst samples of air were obtained from a room in which a gas cooking-stove was used without a flue to carry off the noxious gases produced.

## Telephones without Connecting Wires

It is scarcely too much to say that, in the course of time, telegraph wires, telephone wires, cables, and possibly the mains by which the more powerful currents used for lighting and heating are transmitted, will be unnecessary. Electricity is a disturbance of an immaterial medium which permeates everything, and the

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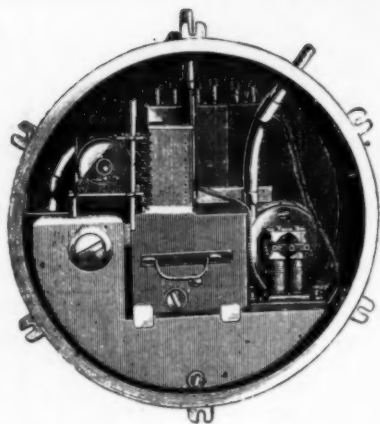
wires or metal tapes used as conductors are really imperfect guides which direct the waves from one place to another. Remembering this, the announcement that Sir William Preece has developed a system of telephone communication without intervening wires does not come as a surprise. The method used is to fix a wire a mile or so in length at one place, at which communication is to be set up, and another wire parallel to it at the other place. An ordinary telephone transmitter and receiver is connected with each wire, and it is found that messages can be exchanged by this arrangement without actually connecting the two places. Telephonic communication is being maintained by this means between the lighthouse at the Skerries and the mainland at Anglesey. A wire 750 yards in length is erected along the rocks of the Skerries, and a similar one is set up parallel to it at Cemlyn, the average distance between the two wires being nearly three miles. A similar service is at work between Rathlin Island, on the north coast of Ireland, and the mainland, the distance between the lines in this case being four miles. Wireless telephony across the sea has thus been proved to be a practical and commercial system. No experiments have yet been made with ships, but it would appear simple to speak by telephone between ship and ship, or between ship and shore, to considerable distances, by means of a circuit formed of copper wire passing over the topmasts and terminating at each end of the ship in the sea.

### Life without the Admission of Air

SEVERAL months ago it was announced in these notes that two French chemists had found an automatic means of purifying air with a substance called sodium peroxide, and the value of the discovery in connection with diving or other operations in which it was difficult or impossible to obtain fresh air was pointed out. We now see in *La Nature*, that an apparatus in which the fact is utilised has been constructed



HELMET AND KNAPSACK FOR THE RENEWAL OF VITIATED AIR



INTERIOR OF KNAPSACK

Containing a means of producing fresh air, absorbing breathed air, and keeping the air cool by an electric ventilator.

for Messrs. Desgrez and Balthazard, and is shown in the accompanying illustration. The sodium peroxide is placed in the knapsack carried on the back of the person who is to enter water or an impure atmosphere. Water drops upon it from a vessel contained in the knapsack, and the result is that oxygen—the gas essential to animal life—is liberated. Caustic soda is produced at the same time, and this substance absorbs the deleterious gas—carbon dioxide—breathed out. It is a remarkable coincidence that fresh air is produced, and a substance provided for the absorption of bad air, merely by the action of water on a certain substance, but such is the fact, and to take advantage of it, all that is required is an arrangement for keeping the action steady, and the air in circulation. The latter condition is provided for by means of a small turbine ventilator kept in movement by an electric motor. There is also a refrigerating arrangement for cooling the air, which would otherwise become oppressively hot. With an apparatus weighing twenty-eight pounds, and containing seven ounces of sodium peroxide, it is possible to live for an hour without requiring outside air, and by increasing the amount of the substance, life without the admission of air is possible for longer periods.

### The Migrations of the Song Thrush

THE departure of swifts and swallows in the autumn, and their return in the following spring has been observed by every one, and represents the simplest case of bird migration. The annual movements of the common song thrush are of a much more complex nature. From a report drawn up by Mr. W. E. Clarke for the British Association, it appears that this bird is migrating in one direction or another over Great Britain and Ireland for nearly ten months in the year, and the only month in which the thrush is not a migrant is June. Many thrushes

leave our islands at the end of summer and during the autumn, and are thus only summer visitors. Throughout August there are clear indications at the lighthouse stations that the thrushes are slipping away from Britain, and this emigration becomes more pronounced during the two following months. Other thrushes are winter visitors, and appear on our shores with birds of passage during the latter days of September, to depart for Northern Europe in the following April. In addition, the thrush is a permanent resident in certain districts, more especially in the gardens and immediate neighbourhood of cities and towns, where even in Scotland a number remain throughout the year. Such residents, however, probably form the minority of our British thrushes.

### A Revolution in Weaving Looms

A PHOTOGRAPHIC method of preparing textile designs, invented by Mr. Jan Szczepanik, has formed the subject of several articles in newspapers and magazines, but public attention has not been directed to the fact that there has been established in Glasgow a factory for the construction of a weaving loom invented by two Englishmen, which is superior in many respects to Mr. Szczepanik's appliance. In an ordinary weaving loom, the pattern to be woven is cut out of cardboard in little squares, of much the same character as the squares and slots in the discs used in the gramophone and polyphone to produce various tunes mechanically. Every separate design requires a separate pattern to be connected with the loom, the spindles of which are set in motion, or are not used, according to the part of the pattern which happens to be passing the points connected with them. The object of Mr. Szczepanik's invention is to take the design required to be woven, to photograph it upon the scale required, and to transfer it to paper in such a way that the picture is reproduced in the proper squares of a pattern, which can be used in an ordinary loom. The English invention is a new loom altogether, in which the same result is obtained by electricity. The pattern to be woven is printed in a special ink upon prepared paper, which is mounted upon a metal plate or cylinder. Six hundred hooks connected with spindles carrying threads touch this printed picture. The hooks and the cylinder are part of an electric circuit, so that when a hook touches the metal an electric current passes, the spindle connected with it moves, and the thread upon it is woven into the pattern. The cylinder turns under the hooks, and when an inked part of the paper comes under any of them, the current passes through them and the spindles connected with them are set in action, and thus the design is produced upon the fabric. This very ingenious application of electricity has deliberately been kept quiet, but every one who has seen the new loom at work is sure that it represents a machine which will mark a great change in methods of weaving.

### Connection between Plague and Weather

IN connection with the outbreak of plague at Glasgow, it is of interest to refer to a paper read by Mr. Baldwin Latham before the Royal Meteorological Society, in which he showed that there is a definite relation between the occurrence of plague and the state of the weather. There can be no doubt that bubonic plague is always associated with a particular organism or microbe of very minute dimensions—so small, indeed, that two hundred and fifty millions of them would be required to cover a square inch of surface, and so light that they can be easily carried by the air or the vapour of water. It is, therefore, easy to understand that no mere dryness of the season, or any other condition of climate, or indeed any personal or local conditions of an insanitary nature, will produce plague; but Mr. Latham's comparison of deaths from the disease with the meteorological conditions prevailing at the time, reveals a very distinct correspondence between the state of the air as regards temperature, pressure, and moisture, and the rate of mortality, thus showing that the development and dissemination of the plague germ is affected by weather. The conditions which favour the spread of the disease are found to be identical with those which give rise to the escape of noxious vapours from the ground. According to Mr. Latham, the exhalations from the ground consist largely of vapour of water carrying matter injurious to health with it. The drier the air, the greater is the amount of evaporation that goes on from land and water surfaces, and therefore the greater is the liability that any plague germs that may exist in the ground will rise with the vapour and spread the disease.

### Electricity from Green Leaves

DR. AUGUSTUS D. WALLER has recently described before the Royal Society some experiments which show that when light shines upon the leaves of various plants, a small electric current is produced. A freshly-cut leaf of an iris, nasturtium, begonia, or tobacco plant was laid upon a glass plate, and the two wires from a delicate detector of electric currents were made to touch two parts of the leaf at a slight distance from one another. A screen was then arranged so that part of the leaf was in darkness and the other part in light, and it was found under these conditions that a slight electric current passed from the illuminated part of the leaf to the part that was in darkness. A greater effect was produced by the electric light, and the greatest effect was obtained, when part of the leaf was exposed to bright sunlight. No electrical effect was produced when a dead leaf was treated in the same way, or when it was exposed to an anæsthetic vapour, such as ether or chloroform. The leaves of trees and shrubs also failed to show the currents detected in those from small young plants, parts of which were illuminated.

## Science and Discovery

### Sewing done by Ants

ANTS are credited with so many marvellous accomplishments that a new one must be remarkable to be noteworthy. Mr. E. G. Green of Ceylon, an authority upon insect habits, has, however, made an observation which is well worth putting on record. He has watched red ants holding larvæ or grubs in their mouths and using the web they spun to repair a rent in their nest. Some leaves which had been fastened together by the ants were separated by Mr. Green, and a short time after he saw small white grubs being passed backwards and forwards across the gap. Closer observation showed that each grub was held in the jaws of one of the worker ants, and its movements were directed as required. A continuous thread of silk issued from the mouth of each grub, and was used by the ants to sew up the rent in their shelter. There were no grubs in the neighbourhood, and those used were obtained from a nest at some distance. This deliberate use of a naturally-formed web as a sewing thread is as astonishing as any instance of the intelligence of ants yet observed.

### The Origin of Coal

THE view that a coal-seam represents a forest which has been buried, and has been changed by compression and heat, is accepted by most people, though a certain amount of faith is required to believe it. One of the most striking arguments put forward in support of this theory is that erect tree-trunks of large size, in some cases attached to branching roots, have been found in coal-seams. But against this may be placed the fact that a large proportion of erect tree-trunks occur in sandstones devoid of coal, and that vast areas of coal have been worked without any such trunks having been encountered. The majority of the trunks, moreover, are destitute of spreading roots, and are believed to have floated to their present positions. Mr. A. Strahan, of the Geological Survey Office, has recently called attention to this and other evidence upon which the accepted theory as to the origin of coal is founded; and he shows that it is not conclusive. According to him, an ordinary coal-seam was formed somewhat as follows:—Sediments were gradually deposited in an extremely shallow layer of water covering the area of the future coal-field. In the last sediments, which were extremely fine, a mass of presumably aquatic vegetation took root. As the plants grew, the currents in the water were stopped, so no more sediment was deposited, and only floating parts of plants or wind-borne vegetable material could be brought into the area. Finally, there was a sudden invasion of the area by moving water, the result being that the tangled mass of vegetation was in the course of time covered with sand and mud, to which the remains of other plants and trees

were drifted, and the whole process was then recommenced.

### Copper in Food

IT is a curious fact, that while people consider that "iron" in food or drink is strengthening, they think copper is a very dangerous substance to take into the body, and often regard it as a poison. The metal copper is no more poisonous than the metal iron, though both form poisonous compounds with other substances. It is well to remember this when reading the reports of "poisoning by copper" which sometimes appear in the newspapers. Dr. T. W. Hime has done a public service by showing that the suspicion of copper in food is almost entirely groundless. Copper exists in a great number of plants, in bread, mineral waters, wines, shell-fish, fruits, and various kinds of animal flesh, but the health is not affected by consuming them. Thousands of persons flock yearly to the health-restoring springs of Wiesbaden, Teplitz, and other places, and consume copper in every glass of water they drink, yet they derive benefit from it. The outcry against the "coppering" of vegetables and others to preserve them is, therefore, unjustifiable. The quantity of the copper compound present in the amount of vegetables thus treated, and eaten at a meal, is only a fraction of the corresponding amount of copper sulphate which physicians prescribe to be taken three times a day for weeks and months continuously. In fact, vegetables which have been treated with copper to preserve their natural green—yellow peas cannot be made green by this treatment—may be eaten in most cases without fear of ill effects.

### A Natural Objection to the Nicaragua Canal

A SERIOUS and unexpected difficulty has been raised to the proposed Nicaragua Canal by Professor A. Heilprin. The intention is to use Lake Nicaragua as the feeder to the high level of the canal, and it has been assumed that the lake is as permanent as natural features are in general. A comparison of observation of level extending over a number of years has, however, shown that the level of the lake is inconstant, and that the waters have dropped from fifteen to twenty feet in the period of half a century or less. This lowering of level, due to the water evaporating at a quicker rate than the lake is replenished, is progressive, and there are no known conditions by which the loss can be made good. The scheme for the construction of the canal is thus presented in an altogether new aspect. Professor Heilprin's conclusions have been criticised, but they have not been satisfactorily answered, and the evidence he has brought forward in support of his case should at any rate give pause to the promoters of the canal scheme.



## Varieties

### Archbishop Whately on Gambling

"My view," said Dr. Whately, "is simply that inasmuch as all gaming implies a desire of profiting at the expense of your neighbour, it involves a breach of the tenth commandment."

On another occasion he said: "The best throw with the dice is to throw them away."

*"Life," by Fitzpatrick.*

### How to deal with Disagreeable Things

EDWARD had by this time prepared a *bag of forgetfulness*, into which he put all the disagreeable things that were said to him; and, once there, he remembered them no more.—*Smiles: "Life of a Scotch Naturalist."*

### Thomas Carlyle on Religious People

"As to the people I see, the best class of all are the religious people, certain of whom have taken, very strangely, a kind of affection for me, in spite of my contradictions towards them. It teaches me again that the best of this class is the best one will find in any class whatsoever."

*Letter to his Mother, in Froude's "Life."*

### Goldsmith's Grave

No lover of English literature can pass by the sequestered Temple Church, and see for the first time the simple stone which bears the words, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," without some quickening of thought. It seems so forlorn a memorial as almost to suggest neglect and disregard, and perhaps the more so as it does not date from the time of burial, but the circumstances supply an explanation. Goldsmith lived and died in chambers in the Middle Temple, and was buried somewhere in the burying-ground of the Middle Temple, which, with that of the Inner Temple, lay at the north side of the Temple Church. If there was a flat stone placed over the spot at the time of his burial nobody knows; but some fifty years ago the Benchers of the Middle Temple placed the stone now existing where it is at a venture, the inscription on it being accurate, though it may not immediately cover the coffin.

Goldsmith's friends would have had him buried in Westminster Abbey; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, and Daniel Garrick

were named as among the pall-bearers; but when it was found that he had died in debt, the project was abandoned. The monument in Poets' Corner was placed there through the exertions of the Literary Club. Johnson wrote the epitaph, which was first read at the table of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the presence of other friends. Washington Irving long since told the story. "Though considered by them a masterly composition, they thought the literary character of the poet not defined with sufficient exactness, they preferred that the epitaph should be in English rather than Latin, as 'the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works were likely to be so lasting an ornament.' These objections were reduced to writing, to be respectfully submitted to Johnson, but such was the awe entertained of his frown that every one shrank from putting his name first to the instrument; whereupon their names were written about it in a circle, making what mutinous sailors call a Round Robin. Johnson received it half graciously, half grimly. 'He was willing,' he said, 'to modify the sense of the epitaph in any manner the gentlemen pleased, but he never would consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription.' Seeing the names of Dr. Warton and Edmund Burke among the signers, 'he wondered,' he said, 'that Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool, and should have thought that Edmund Burke would have had more sense.' It may by some be questioned whether Johnson's English would have equalled his Latin. Croker's translation leaves little to be desired. The words most frequently quoted are those which speak of Oliver Goldsmith—

"Who left scarcely any style of writing  
untouched,  
And touched nothing that he did not adorn."

Milton's outburst every generation repeats—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones  
The labour of an age in piled stones?"

Of Wordsworth we think as he lies in the grassy simplicity of Grassmere, at home with nature. Goldsmith's memory cannot be kept "green" in the midst of London; the tramp of many

## Varieties

thousands of feet comes daily near his resting-place; but he will never be forgotten while English literature lives, and there could be no more fitting place for him than that where he, a master of humanities, lies at the heart of the city. There was recently a demonstration over his grave; flowers and speeches have but passing value. The *Sun* has energetically pleaded that a canopy should be placed over the stone. It remains for the Benchers to determine whether any change shall be made. If anything more is done, it would be best in the form of a simple marble slab recording the facts. Anything monumental would be out of place.

### Washington

ON the occasion of the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Washington's death, the late Earl of Lonsborough sent wreaths of oak and evergreen to be laid on Washington's tomb. It was accompanied by the following poem from the pen of the Rev. Canon Wilton of Lonsborough.

An English Wreath we fain would lay  
Upon this mighty tomb to-day—  
Of laurel, ivy, oak, and yew,  
Which drank the English sun and dew  
On far-off Yorkshire's grassy sod,  
Where once—we boast—his fathers trod,<sup>1</sup>  
Whom East and West unite to praise  
And crown with never-fading bays.

O Washington, thy symbol be  
The oak for strength and constancy:  
For grandeur and for grace of form,  
For calmness in the stress and storm,  
The monarch of the forest thou!  
To thee the generations bow;  
And under thy great shadow rest,  
For ever free, for ever blest.

And thine the laurel, for the fame  
Illustrious of a Conqueror's name—  
Patient to wait and prompt to strike,  
Intrepid, fiery, mild alike:  
Great, for the greatness of the foe  
Which fell by thy repeated blow:  
Great, for thy country's greatness, won  
By thee, her most beloved Son.

And as the ivy twines around  
Cottage and tower, thy heart was found  
Clinging to home, and church, and wife,  
The sweeter for the finished strife:  
And so thy memory, like the yew,  
Will still be green to mortal view—  
"The greatest of good men" confest  
By all, "and of great men the best!"

Between Beverley in Yorkshire and Beverley in Massachusetts he kept up a constant inter-

<sup>1</sup> John Washington, the founder of the American family of Washington, and great-grandfather of the President, lived at South Cave, not far from Lonsborough and Beverley, England.

change of kindly greetings, being himself a member of masonic lodges in both places. From him as a Past Grand Warden of England the inscription had point: "A humble token of respectful admiration for one of the greatest architects the world has known, whose work every Englishman prays may endure and prosper through all time."

### An Old Map of Africa

MR. JOHN MARSHALL, Townhill, Dunfermline, writes to us as follows:—

I read the note on Africa in the "Leisure Hour" for August with some interest, as I happen to have in my possession an Atlas Geography of that continent dated 1714, and published by a number of London publishers. It is a volume of 800 pages, with 17 maps, two of which are of the entire continent.

What has struck all that have seen these maps as remarkable is the insertion, not only of the gold districts, but also of the Lakes, Nile, and Congo.

The letter-press remarks—"An Inland Kingdom in the midst of Africa, bounded on the E. by Mombaza and Quiba, and on the W. with the Nile and the two lakes from whence it rises."

The Guinea trade forms another interesting item. From a tract published in London, 1708, and quoted in the Geography, we learn "that the English export thither yearly 30,000 pieces of Woollen Cloth, large quantities of Wrought-Iron, Guns, Swords, Knives, Gunpowder, Brass and Pewter, together with some trivial Merchandise from India, the Mediterranean, Holland, and Sweden, the whole amounting to the value of £100,000 a year."

One hundred ships were directly employed in the Guinea trade, and carried 200 Negroes (in all 20,000) a year to the West Indies at the common rate of £10 per head.

The Royal African Company, formed in 1672, had a patent for the sole trade of this Coast, but by an Act of Parliament, 1697, others were allowed to trade within the Company's bounds on paying 10 % for the privilege.

One wonders why the lakes were ever dropped out of the maps of Africa, and the interior, up to 1860, presented to us as desert or unexplored.

### Alcohol for Lighting Purposes

THE illumination of the *Orangerie* in the Tuileries Gardens at the close of the International Press Congress in Paris with the alcohol-burning lamps invented by M. Louis Denayrouse, together with the results now obtained at the Pont d'Jéna and elsewhere by the same system of lighting, seem to indicate that alcohol will be one of the chief illuminating agencies of the near future. *Prima facie* this appears incredible, for the flame of alcohol, with which everybody is familiar, is singularly deficient in luminous power. Without entering into details

that would be too technical here, it may be stated that the admixture of hydrocarbon with alcohol is one of the means by which M. Denayrouse has been able to render the latter a light-giving agency of extraordinary brilliancy. The system has the advantage of great simplicity, and its application to domestic as well as public purposes appears to be free from danger. If this method of lighting should be largely adopted, its influence upon agricultural industry will be very considerable, all alcohol being of vegetable origin. In France, where agriculture is languishing, for reasons of an economic and fiscal order, a largely increased demand for crops such as beetroot, potatoes, and Jerusalem artichokes, suited to the distillation of cheap alcohol, would bring an important amelioration to the condition of the peasantry in many districts, and go far to solve the perplexing question of protecting the French wheat grower from foreign competition. One of the great changes of the new century may be that the vegetable kingdom will take the place now occupied by the mineral kingdom in the production of artificial light, in other words, that coal gas and petroleum will be both succeeded by alcohol. Even the fairy that science has discovered and named electricity may be put out of fashion as an illuminating power, on account of its costliness, in which case one of the probable consequences would be less work for metallurgists and mechanicians.—E.H.B.

## Astronomical Notes for November

THE Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 6h. 55m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 32m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 13m. and sets at 4h. 15m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 29m. and sets at 4h. 2m. The Moon becomes Full at 11h. 0m. on the night of the 6th; enters her Last Quarter at 2h. 38m. on the morning of the 14th; becomes New at 7h. 17m. on that of the 22nd; and enters her First Quarter at 5h. 35m. on the evening of the 29th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about half-past 4 o'clock on the evening of the 5th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about half-past 6 o'clock on that of the 17th. An annular eclipse of the Sun will take place on the morning of the 22nd, which will not be visible in any part of Europe, Asia, or America. The central line will pass from south-east Africa (leaving the coast near Delagoa Bay, to the south of which the eclipse will be a large partial one, very nearly half the Sun being covered at the Cape of Good Hope) across the Indian Ocean, passing a little to the south of Madagascar, to north-western Australia, where the Sun will set centrally eclipsed. The November meteors will probably be seen in considerable numbers on the morning of the 15th, but their conspicuousness will be somewhat affected by the proximity of the Moon to their radiant point in the constellation Leo. The planet Mercury will be visible in the evening

during the early part of the month, situated in the constellation Scorpio, but will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 20th. Venus rises between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning in the constellation Virgo, passing a little to the north of its brightest star, Spica, on the 20th; she will be near the waning Moon on the 19th. Mars rises now soon after 11 o'clock in the evening, and earlier as the month advances; he continues to increase in apparent brightness, and enters the constellation Leo towards the middle of the month, passing a little to the north of its brightest star, Regulus, on the 18th. Jupiter sets during this month soon after sunset; Saturn will be visible until nearly two hours later, in the constellation Sagittarius.

W. T. LYNN.

## Birds in their Native Haunts.

THE volume which Mr. Oliver G. Pike has just issued through Mr. T. Fisher Unwin—"In Bird-land with Field-glass and Camera"—is certain of meeting with a cordial welcome at the hands of all lovers of Nature. The book is illustrated with eighty-three pictures of the author's own taking. Mr. Pike has gathered his materials at first hand from Nature, and what he offers the reader is educational as well as entertaining.

The strange fact comes out that the more solitary depths of the wood do not always offer the greatest facility for the study of bird-life. "I noticed this particularly to be so one day after tramping with two companions through a large tract of the New Forest," says Mr. Pike. "Hardly a bird crossed our path during a good part of the day; and being thirsty, we knocked at the door of a cottage nestling picturesquely among the trees. The good dame treated us very hospitably, gave us refreshments, and allowed us to wander round her little garden in search of nests. . . . We seemed to have suddenly come into a paradise of the feathered singing tribes, after our tiring walk through the thick of the wood."

Each varying habit of the different species of birds has an interest of its own. We know that Izaak Walton refers to the nightingale as an airy creature which "breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased." As a bird which sings equally well by day, her song is best appreciated at night because the conditions for hearing are more favourable. It is as a nest-builder that the nightingale is more eccentric than some others, however. It may be discovered on the ground, partly hidden among undecayed leaves, the eggs somewhat resembling the nest in colour. In one instance, a nest was found in a kettle which had been thrown into a ditch. "Four eggs were laid and hatched, and, when discovered, the fully fledged young were content and comfortable in their somewhat unique home."

## Varieties

Robins are general favourites with old and young, but are said to be ungrateful birds to those who feed them, as soon as winter cold has given place to summer days. They are pugnacious; and a Robin accustomed to frequent certain gardens will fight intruders of its own species in order to drive them from the ground. More singular is the Robin's habit of pecking at glass. We are told of one that "continually pecked at a pane of glass," at which it was proved there was no desire merely to effect an entrance. Then, as food was plentiful all around, hunger did not prompt the action; "but nevertheless, so persistently was this pecking at the glass kept up, that one day spots of blood were seen on the pane thus perseveringly attacked. The bird eventually died at its work on the sill, through loss of blood caused by the breaking of a blood-vessel in consequence of its exertions." One explanation is, that the bird may have seen the reflection of itself in the glass, and so wanted to fight what was thought to be an enemy.

Opportunities for observing the ways or practices of moorhens were afforded in the silent shade of a long brick tunnel beneath a railway bank. Of all birds none are so difficult to photograph. Mr. Pike was able to obtain an interesting picture of one about to dive, but after many endeavours, and much patience, he was not able to get one of the moorhen on her nest. They also have the uncommon habit of building other nests after their broods are

hatched. "It seems that all moorhens build additional nests for their young to roost in," we find it remarked; "or otherwise, that the young birds build on their own account. . . . In some places small groups of these additional nests may be seen."

Even in the heart of the city of London the observant naturalist meets with some of his

favourite specimens. "A butterfly flying gaily about Cheapside might seem to be strangely out of place," says Mr. Pike; "but I once saw the Large White there; and on another occasion I met with the Small White in Paternoster-row. In St. Paul's Churchyard I have also seen at times some splendid specimens of white sparrows."

Something is said about the wanton destruction of valuable species of birds by boorish game-preservers, who, while supposing that they are doing their employers good service, are in fact destroying the rarest charm of the countryside. Then, besides, "the agent of the professional egg-collector has very much to answer for in regard to the disappearance of



NEST OF SHORT-EARED OWL

many rare birds." Some of the rarer specimens of the Norfolk Broads seem to be becoming more rare owing to this cause. Speaking of Montagu's Harrier and some others, Mr. Pike says that "owing to the destruction of all falcons and hawks by game-preservers, these birds will very soon be things of the past unless a little more protection is accorded them."

Wives,  
Mothers,



and  
Maids

TALKS IN

COUNCIL

### Innocent Flattery

SIR ARTHUR HELPS once made the whimsical suggestion that a census should be taken of the human suffering of a single day. The returns were to be written in the Palace of Truth, when it would be found, he contended, that nineteen-twentieths of the griefs of the world are not only due to preventable causes, but to what are in themselves absolute trivialities: imagined slights; unnecessary pains to maintain the appearance of unrealities, as more wealth, more ability, or more claims to consideration than we possess; resentment against adverse criticism repeated to us without the context, which would have modified much of its harshness; fear of misfortunes destined never to overtake us; miserable quarrels over infinitesimally small issues, and all the other painful goads which we insert, point onwards, in the daily load which is often our moral ballast.

We all like to think we are charitable, would sacrifice ourselves for cases of real distress, would make conscious efforts for pitiable objects; but few of us are at pains to cultivate that form of charity which, while alleviating much real suffering, would not only cost the donor nothing, but prove a source of immediate pleasure and reward. I refer to the saying of pleasant things that are true, to tale-bearing when the tales are of eulogy, and not of censure.

Nothing in the world affords as much pleasure as appreciation, when bestowed intelligently and by our peers; yet in most cases we hide our esteem even where it has been honestly won, and if we are asked for approval give it grudgingly, with many a qualifying "but" and "if." We tell ourselves that this is wisdom, lest the object of our praise should become inflated; in reality it is due to the curmudgeon spirit which, giving a penny to a beggar, would wait to extract three farthings of change from his wallet.

Intelligent commendation for real merit never harmed any human being, and it is as much the due of the amiable, the generous, the capable, the well-meaning, as is the workman's day's wages. The most successful teachers, not only of the young and ignorant, but even of the vicious and imbecile, have always been those people with a talent for the discovery of aptitudes, of abilities, of merits. The proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," embodies a volume of experience. Few people

are free from the curious crank of wanting to live up to their reputation, of wanting to verify the evil that has been uttered of them. This is illogical but human; it would be wiser to strive to stem the tide of disapproval; but few are strong enough for that, it is so much easier to lift the oars and drift. If we withheld the words of cheer that would have heartened the traveller at the outset of the journey, it will be vain to cry warning and encouragement from the bank when the roar of the cataract is in his ears. If we want our censure to take effect we must be honest with our meed of praise.

Shakespeare tells the story of two people who mutually detested each other, till their neighbours conceived the idea of conveying to each an assurance of the other's secret admiration. The result was as might be anticipated, the foes rescinded their prejudices, and learned to love each other. The converse would obtain equally: censure delivered at second hand would first wound, then alienate the closest friends.

No blessing bears fruit as promptly as that bestowed on the peacemakers. There are people whose mere presence is a rest, whose serene mind is never clouded by an unkind thought, whose tongue would not know the way to utter a harsh judgment. They see evil things and recognise them as such, but they do not prey on carrion or spread pestilence. Are any one's feelings macerated? they know where to find the styptic; is any one hungry for appreciation? there is always a crust in their cupboard. Good-will is second nature; they are not conscious of pursuing any plan, nor have they any theory of virtuous procedure. Like their Master, who, according to legend, noticed the beautiful teeth in the reviled dead dog, they find redeeming points where others would see only degradation.

We tell ourselves that we desire the good of those about us when we keep their small perversity so clearly before us, and ignore their sturdy merits. We admit that they are faithful and generous, but that trick of temper or of habit frets us. The good we accept as a matter of course, but the fault is always made prominent, is always treated and disciplined. We mean well, or think we do, till one day the object of our censure—dearly loved after all—goes out into kinder if more dangerous company, and the door of separation between us is closed for ever. After all we possess no right of discipline over those of our own generation, nor is our

## Wives, Mothers, and Maids

convenience necessarily the standard of any one else's duty; but failure to recognise that elementary fact in human relationship turns many a household into a battlefield where the strife is protracted and cruel, though the world hears no clash of arms. The rights of those about us would make quite a creditable list did we enumerate them, and the instalments we pay on such debts of honour have the curious quality of enlarging our own dividends.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Gymnast.*—The demand for gymnastic teachers still exceeds the supply. They are employed in Board Schools, High Schools, Ladies' Colleges, Training Colleges, etc. Their average earnings are, as yet, higher than those of teachers in other departments. The time of training is two to three years. Salaries range from about £100 per annum, but successful and experienced teachers can make much more. The Southport Physical Training College, the Aberdeen Physical Training College, and Mme. Bergmann Osterberg's Physical Training College on Dartford Heath, are the best known. The training is not cheap—£100 per annum, for board, residence and instruction; but it must be borne in mind that training is never cheap for things that, when acquired, command good remuneration. Thank you for your kind interest in the Council Talks.

*Hopeful.*—What you describe does not seem to be a serious matter, but it may require a

little surgical operation for its removal. You had better consult your medical adviser about it. There is no reason why it should cause alarm.

*J. P., Halifax.*—Defaced stamps and collections of stamps are purchased by Messrs. Theodor Buhl and Co., 11 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

*T. V. C.*—There is no regular market for fancy-work, and crazy patchwork is no longer fashionable. Anything which the average needlewoman can produce without much trouble soon ceases to command a price. If your Mountmellick work is very good, you might submit it to such a house as that of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, though I fear the chance of orders from such firms is not very great. For fancy-work the producer usually finds her best opening locally. Mountmellick embroidery on tea-cloths, pillow-shams, nightdress-sachets, sheets, and such articles, should be popular. Often a clergyman's or doctor's wife, if of an energetic and kindly disposition, can effect profitable introductions for a good worker. But the first essential is that the work be good and the price moderate, then all it requires is a start. I will keep your address, in case any one should wish to see samples of your work.

*C. A. C.*—Answer next month.

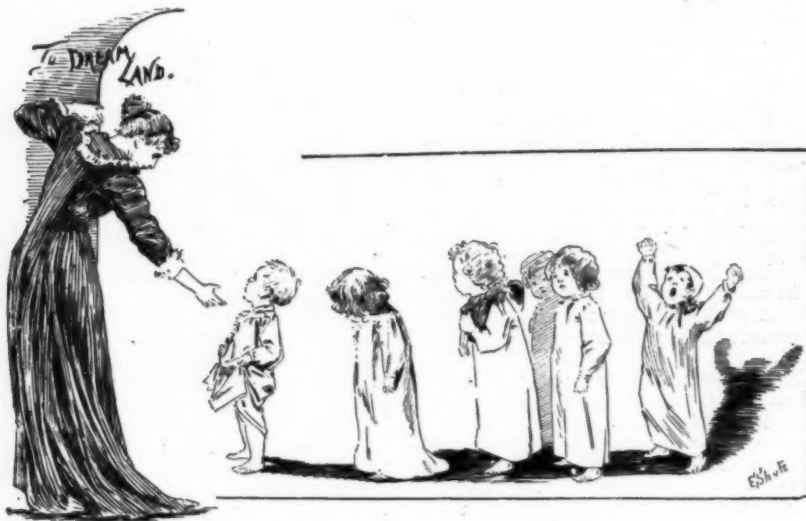
VERITY.

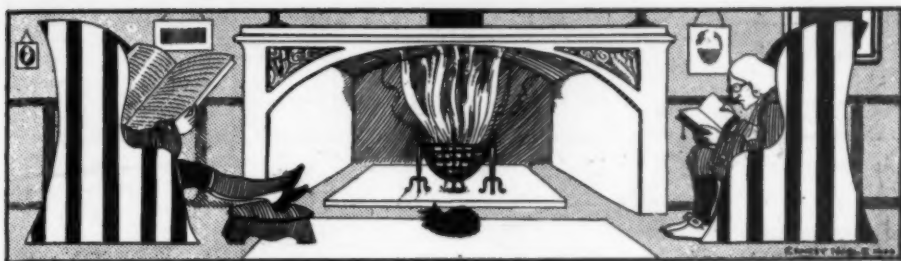
Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.





## The Fireside Club

(See Special Conditions for Colonial Readers)

### PRIZE QUOTATIONS (CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS)

#### On Human Nature

1. "We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love ;  
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,  
In dignity of being we ascend."

Wordsworth.

2. "The nature of mankind is such,  
To see and judge the affairs of others,  
Much better than their own."—Colman.

3. "Two principles in human nature reign ;  
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain."

Pope.

4. "Forward, till you see the highest,  
Human nature is divine."—Tennyson.

5. "Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,  
Thy hands made both, and I am there."

Herbert.

6. "What a piece of work is a man ! How noble  
in reason ! How infinite in faculty ! in form, in  
moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how  
like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god !  
the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals !"

Shakespeare.

7. "It is the privilege of human nature to love  
those that disoblige us."—Marcus Aurelius.

8. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,  
Man never is, but always To Be, blest."

Pope.

9. "In every specimen of human nature, vice and  
virtue are found blended in smaller or greater pro-  
portions, and the proportion is not determined by  
station."—C. Brontë.

10. "We know what we are, but know not what  
we may be."—Shakespeare.

11. "Few men are raised in our estimation by  
being too closely examined."—From the French.

12. "When all is done, human life is at the  
greatest and the best but like a froward child that  
must be played with and humoured a little to keep  
it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is  
over."—Sir W. Temple.

FIVE SHILLINGS awarded each month for the happiest  
quotation. The "Human Nature" prize awarded to  
M. PARKES, 211 Oldbury Road, West Smethwick.

The next subject is "The Pleasure of Giving."  
Quotations to be sent in, on postcards only, not later  
than 15th November.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN COMPETITORS.—Prize  
of the same value. Competitors residing outside Europe  
may send quotations so as to reach this office not later  
than 1st February.

### SHAKESPEARIAN SEARCH ACROSTICS

TWO GUINEAS offered in prizes to successful  
solvers of this series of five acrostics (appearing  
monthly, November till March). Prizes of the  
same value for Colonial Competitors. The following  
acrostic must be answered by the 15th day of this  
month.

#### First of Five

1. "The robbed, that . . .  
Steals something from the thief."
2. "No man's too good to serve his . . ."
3. "What, wilt thou on thy deathbed play  
the . . .  
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?"
4. "The west yet glimmers with some streaks  
of day :  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely . . ."
5. "It was always yet the trick of our English  
. . . if they have a good thing to make it too  
common."
6. "My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me,  
I shall have . . . by this losing day."

#### WHOLE

"I would I had some flowers o' the . . ."

Find omitted words, and give act and scene of each  
quotation.

NOTE.—Every "Acrostic" answer must be accom-  
panied by the "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod Ticket, see  
p. 13 of advertisements. All answers must have "Fire-  
side Club" written outside envelope, must contain com-  
petitor's name and address, and must be received by the  
Editor, 56 Paternoster Row, by the 15th of the month.  
Colonial answers received up to 1st February.

No papers for any other competition to be included  
in envelope for "Fireside Club."



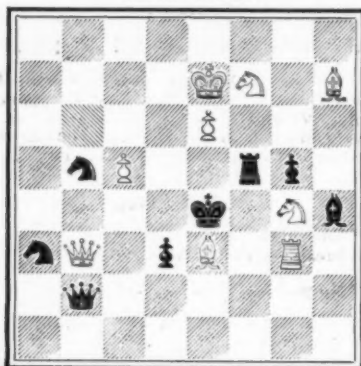
## Our Chess Page

### NEW PROBLEM COMPETITION

### Twelve Guineas in Prizes

The Problem *Lula* as corrected by the composer, Z. MACH.

BLACK—8 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White mates in two moves

Mr. CLUTSAM points out that his problem *Still Waters* only requires a black bishop on Q—Kt sq. to perfect it.

This problem took the third prize in the two-move section, but the flaw of course disqualified it, and the prize now goes to A. F. MACKENZIE, Kingston, Jamaica, for his problem *The Pearl*.

#### SOLVING COMPETITION PROBLEMS

##### SOLUTIONS

##### PROBLEMS IN AUGUST PART.

No. 9.—By A. F. MACKENZIE:

2 er. R—Q 4, etc.

No. 10.—By Z. MACH:

3 er. Kt—Q Kt 4 { B—B 5 ch. K—B 8, etc.  
Kt—B 5 B—B 8 ch.  
K × Kt  
B × Kt } Q—B 6 ch.  
Other

##### PROBLEMS IN SEPTEMBER PART.

No 11.—By A. F. MACKENZIE:

3 er. Q—K R 7 { K—Q 3 B—Q R 2  
P × P Q—Q 3  
K—Kt 5 Q—B 5  
Other Q—B 2 ch.

No. 12.—By M. HAVEL:

2 er. P—K 7

##### PROBLEMS IN OCTOBER PART.

No. 13.—By Mrs. FAGAN:

2 er. R—K 7.

No. 14.—By P. K. TRAXLER:

3 er. Q—Q R sq. { Kt—Q Kt 3 K—Q B 2  
K—K 4 K—Q 3 ch.  
P—R 5 Q—Kt sq. ch.  
Kt—B 2 } Q—K B sq.  
K—B 4

The "British Chess Magazine" has criticised the imperfections in three of our prize problems, and offers much excellent advice on the conduct of problem competitions. One suggestion is that all the problems entered should have been printed and submitted to the scrutiny of solvers in general. As far as the "Leisure Hour" Chess page is concerned, space cannot be found for more than two problems per month, so that rather more than four years would have elapsed before the last of the entries could have appeared. Even had we stretched a point and devoted an advertisement page per month to problems, as in the June number, it would have taken sixteen months to present all the problems sent in.

There is a limit even to the patience of a problem composer.

On the alternative suggestion, that two judges should be employed instead of one, much might be written both for and against. Experience has not taught the infallibility of the two-judge system, and seeing that every problemist has his particular—well, we will not say "prejudices," but that is the idea—the fairness of

all the work being judged by one standard is obvious.

Mr. SCHWANN had nearly one hundred problems to examine in a month, and he was fully aware that there could be no certainty of his performing such a task perfectly—as the terms of his award clearly indicated.

The result has not been particularly serious. The provisional award has had to be revised, but within a very reasonable time the final announcement has been made.

If we are again fortunate enough to find an experienced problemist sufficiently good-natured to undertake the arduous duty of adjudication we shall have no hesitation in adopting the "one-judge system" a second time.

#### PROBLEM COMPOSING COMPETITION

##### HOME, FOREIGN, AND COLONIAL

We offer **Twelve Guineas** in prizes for the best original, unpublished chess problems in two and three moves.

**Three Guineas** will be reserved for foreign composers:—**Two Guineas** for the best three-mover, and **One Guinea** for the best two-mover.

**Three Guineas** also will be awarded to British Colonial composers in the same way.

**Five Guineas** will be reserved for British composers living in the United Kingdom. Three prizes will be given for three-movers, the first, **Two Guineas**; second, **One Guinea**; third, **Half-a-Guinea**. For two-movers there will be

two prizes of a **Guinea** and **Half-a-Guinea** respectively.

**One Guinea** will be given for the best problem by a lady, unless one of the best prizes should be won by a lady in the general British section.

As consolation prizes twelve copies of the games played in the City of London Club Invitation Tourney, 1900, will be given for the twelve problems nearest in merit to the prize-winners.

Problems sent in for competition must be the unaided work of the senders, and must not have been printed or otherwise made public.

Each one must be submitted in diagram form, and must be accompanied by a complete solution, giving all the leading variations, clearly written in any recognised notation.

Both diagram and solution must be on one piece of paper, which must be headed by a *nom de plume* adopted by the competitor.

The name and address of each competitor must be sent in a sealed envelope with the *nom de plume* written outside. These envelopes will not be opened until the award has been made.

The last days for sending in the problems will be January 7, 1900, for Home competitors, February 15 for Foreign competitors, and March 30 for Colonial competitors.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. *The Eisteddfod Ticket given on p. 13 of advertisements must be affixed to the envelope.*

## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

### Forty Pounds in Prizes

#### ESSAY COMPETITION

1. THE BEST WAY OF SPENDING A BANK HOLIDAY.

First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.

2. (*Open to men only.*) ESSAY ON "HOW I SPEND MY DAILY LIFE."

First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.

[If the writer's essay is published, the name will not be published without his consent.]

3. (*Open to women only.*) ESSAY ON "HOW I SPEND MY DAILY LIFE."

First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.

[If the writer's essay is published, the name will not be published without her consent.]

#### ART

4. THE BEST COPY, IN WATER-COLOURS OR OILS, OF OUR FRONTISPIECE, ENLARGED TO AT LEAST TWICE ITS PRESENT SIZE.

First Prize, **Three Guineas**; Second Prize, **Two Guineas**.

#### MUSIC

5. A Prize of **Three Guineas** is offered for the best tune for the hymn—

"O God of Bethel, by Whose hand  
Thy people still are fed."

#### NEEDLEWORK

6. (A) BEST BED-JACKET FOR INVALID.

First Prize, **Two Guineas**; Second Prize, **One Guinea**.

## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

### (B) BEST KNITTED MUFFLER.

First Prize, **One Guinea**; Second Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**.

### (C) BEST PAIR CUFFS OR MITTENS, KNITTED OR CROCHET, ANY SIZE, WITH OR WITHOUT THUMB-HOLES.

First Prize, **Half-a-Guinea**; Second Prize, **Five Shillings**.

N.B.—All articles sent in this department will be given to workers in the poorest districts of London, for distribution among the deserving poor. *In no case will any article be returned, whether stamps are sent or not.* The articles distributed last year were much appreciated by many poor and suffering people.

### MISCELLANEOUS

7. **One Guinea** for the best original piece for recitation—prose or verse—to occupy in type not more than one page of the "Leisure Hour."

8. Two prizes of **Five Shillings** and **Half-a-Crown** respectively for the best post-card suggestions (by mothers only) on "How to keep a Child's Birthday."

### COLONIAL COMPETITIONS

#### CANADA

9. A Prize of **Five Pounds** for the best Essay on

"CANADIAN LIFE."

Competitors must be at present resident in Canada. No Essay to exceed 2000 words.

Last date for receiving at this office Essays on Canada, December 20, 1900.

#### SOUTH AFRICA

10. A Prize of **Five Pounds** for the best Essay on

"THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN COLONIES."

(Such topics as religion, education, commerce, government, etc., to be treated of.) Competitors must be at present resident in South Africa. No Essay to exceed 2000 words.

Last date for receiving at this office Essays from South Africa, January 21, 1901.

#### AUSTRALIA AND TASMANIA

11. A Prize of **Five Pounds** for the best Essay on

"THE FUTURE OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH."

(Its dangers as well as its hopes; Free Trade or Protection?; religion, education, military and naval defences, etc.) Competitors must be at present resident in Australia or Tasmania. No Essay to exceed 2000 words.

Last date for receiving at this office Essays from Australia and Tasmania, February 25, 1901.

### NEW ZEALAND

12. A Prize of **Five Pounds** for the best Essay on

"LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND."

Competitors must be at present resident in New Zealand. No Essay to exceed 2000 words.

Last date for receiving at this office Essays from New Zealand, February 25, 1901.

### COMPETITION 20. PHOTOGRAPHY

#### COLONIAL SECTION

The number of competitors in this department from the Colonies did not come up to that required by our rule. However, we have awarded a prize of **Five Shillings** for "River-side Scene" to

MR. D. M. MEHTA, Loverick Lodge, Ahmedabad;

A prize of **Five Shillings** for "Family Group" to

MRS. SPRIGG, Bizana, Cape Colony;

And a prize of **Five Shillings** for "Temple in Ceylon" to

MR. J. L. TANCOCK, Gallebodde, Galboda, Ceylon.

### RULES

1. Our readers may compete for as many of the prizes as they please, but not more than one prize will be awarded to one competitor. Prize-winners of last twelve months ineligible in the same department this year.

2. Every competitor, except those in the Post-card Competitions, must cut out the *Eisteddfod Ticket* given on p. 13 of advertisements, fill in the number of the competition, and fasten the ticket to the outside of the envelope containing his or her competition.

3. A separate Ticket will be required for each competition. No other matter must on any account be included.

4. Essays must be written on foolscap paper, one side only, and must not occupy more than four of such pages.

5. For the *Miscellaneous Competitions* the latest date is November 4, 1900; for *Essays*, December 1; *Art*, *Needlework* and *Music*, December 16.

6. All competitions must be addressed to the Editor of the "Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

7. No Essay or other contribution will be returned, even if stamps are sent.